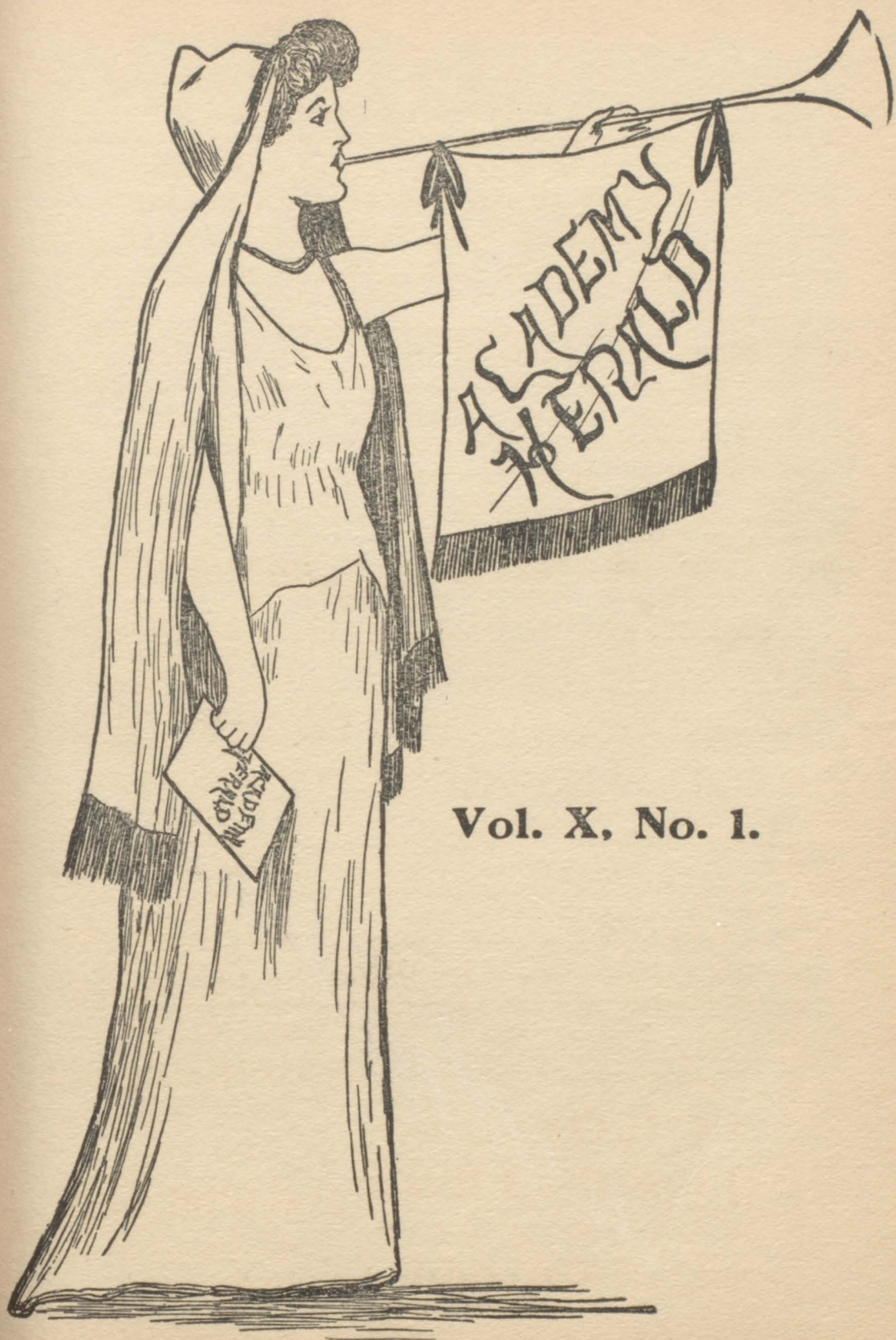




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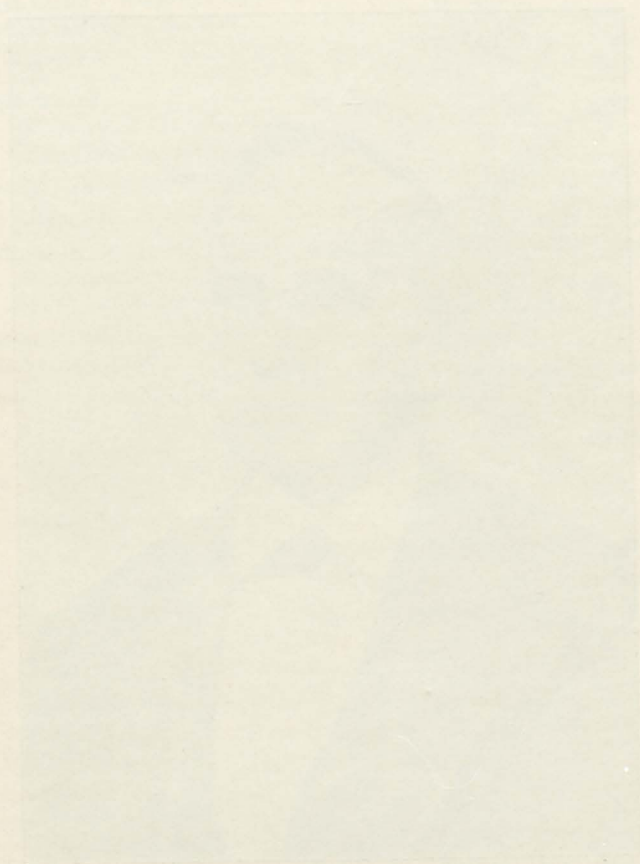
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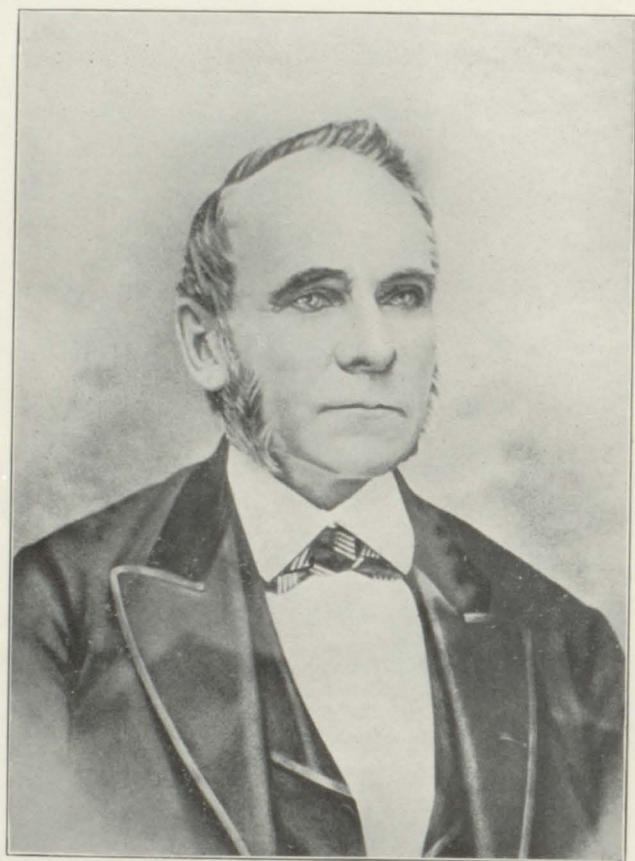
# 55c ACADEMY HERALD

OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

ACADEMY HERALD



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS



NATHANIEL T. TRUE, A. M., M. D.



# The ACADEMY HERALD

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No. 1.

## The ACADEMY HERALD.

Devoted to the interest of Gould's Academy. Published by the Students at the end of the Fall and Winter Terms. Terms,—20 cents per copy.

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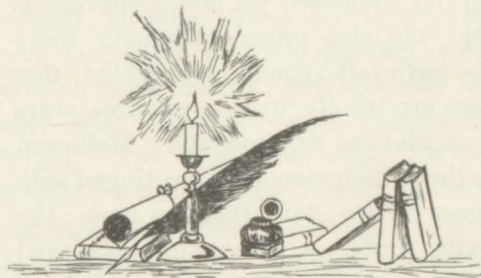
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## EDITORIAL.

THE HERALD extends a cordial greeting to the new teachers who have come among us, trusting that they may enjoy their work during their stay at "Old Gould's." Also we would welcome the class of 1909, which is one of the largest entering classes for several years. May your numbers never grow less, and may you find the coming four years among the pleasantest and most profitable of your lives. The best way to accomplish this end is to take an active interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the school. Do your full share in maintaining law and order, without which no school can fulfil its mission, and whether in work or play, take your stand for whatever is clean and honest and commendable. Above all, heed the mandates of our school motto, "To thine own self be true," then will Gould's Academy ever be proud to count you among her children, and you, in after years, will be enabled

### Table of Contents.

|                                                          | PAGE. |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| EDITORIAL, - - - - -                                     | 1     |
| LITERARY, - - - - -                                      | 5     |
| Trifles, - - - - -                                       | 5     |
| Labor Conquers All, - - - - -                            | 6     |
| The Burbank Experiments, - - - - -                       | 7     |
| The First Commencement of Milford High School, - - - - - | 8     |
| COMMUNICATION, - - - - -                                 | 12    |
| OBITUARY, - - - - -                                      | 13    |
| Maj. Gideon A. Hastings, - - - - -                       | 13    |
| Martha B. Chapman, - - - - -                             | 14    |
| Samuel B. Twitchell, - - - - -                           | 15    |
| Fred I. Barker, - - - - -                                | 16    |
| Joseph W. Ballard, - - - - -                             | 16    |
| PRINCIPAL'S HOME, - - - - -                              | 17    |
| GOULD'S ACADEMY ALUMNI BANQUET AND DR. TRUE              |       |
| MEMORIAL SERVICE, - - - - -                              | 18    |
| Presentation Address, - - - - -                          | 20    |
| Speech of Acceptance, - - - - -                          | 24    |
| The Legacy of a Memory, - - - - -                        | 25    |
| Remarks, - - - - -                                       | 26    |
| Our Benefactors, - - - - -                               | 27    |
| Reminiscences, - - - - -                                 | 29    |
| Remarks, - - - - -                                       | 30    |
| Letters of Regret, - - - - -                             | 30    |
| ALUMNI PERSONALS, - - - - -                              | 34    |
| QUOTATIONS APPLIED, - - - - -                            | 37    |
| COMMENCEMENT, 1905, - - - - -                            | 40    |
| SCHOOL NOTES, - - - - -                                  | 42    |
| Roll of Honor, - - - - -                                 | 47    |
| TRUSTEES' MEETING, - - - - -                             | 47    |
| New Trustees, - - - - -                                  | 47    |
| EXCHANGES, - - - - -                                     | 50    |

to look back upon your school-days with pleasure and satisfaction instead of misgivings and regrets.



HOW common, yet how erroneous is the idea prevalent among those who have left school-days behind, that these are wholly joyous, care-free years to us who are yet students. Mellowed by time, their memories are tinged with regret for the days that are gone; the vexing problems, disappointments, and defeats incident upon student-life have all faded in the happy light that surrounds the old associations. Perhaps the difficulty that most often confronts the student in his experience is connected with his course of study. "Am I pursuing a course," he asks, "which will be of practical value to me in life? Of what use will Latin or Geometry be to me, if I am to enter professional life? Why study literature or history if I am to enter the activity of the business world? Will my conjugations and theorems help me to cure disease, or build a railroad? and will the study of a people long dead assist in solving problems of finance?" Yes, and no, we reply. Each and every study in the curriculum has its special purpose. Each is designed to bring out and develop in us some latent ability. Omit one and the well-rounded whole is incomplete. Geometry trains one's reasoning faculties, Latin, the power of discrimination; literature and history, the memory and appreciation. What we need is not so much knowledge of the one particular

subject we are to pursue, as the ability to grasp any and every subject with ease and intelligence. It is not facts we study for, though they are essential to a good mastery of each branch, but good habits of mind, clear, keen thinking, logical, earnest reasoning, in a word—power—power to grasp and retain ideas in their entirety. Armed with these priceless possessions, the student may go out into life fearlessly to do battle with its problems, for he has that which neither time nor space can take from him—power—which, if he will, may help move the world a step forward into light.



THERE has been more or less criticism in terms past of the manner in which many of our pupils recite. Some speak in such low tones that the teacher is obliged to ask to have the answer repeated once, and sometimes, two or three times, while others give a rising inflection, which shows they are in doubt as to the correctness of their statements. Now if we do not know what is asked of us, let us say so frankly, and let the questions pass on to some one else; but if we *do* know, let us recite clearly and decidedly. The only criticism made of our public examinations has been that many of our students speak too indistinctly for the visitor to understand what is being said. Let us strive to rectify this fault in our daily recitations, and then, when it comes to public examinations, our visitors will really enjoy hearing us recite.



**A**N allusion has already been made to our school motto, "To thine own self be true." This motto is placed above the desk in the Assembly Room, where we may look up to it at any hour of the day for inspiration. How necessary it is during school-life, that we be true to our best selves! Sometimes this may seem hard to do. In examinations, for instance, it is often so easy to be dishonest, and some students think that by finding a way to cheat they are getting the best of their teachers. In reality they injure no one but themselves, for they are acquiring habits of dishonesty and deception, which, oftentimes, will cling to them through life, and at the same time are forfeiting all right to the respect and confidence of their teachers and fellow students. We are not true to our selves when we are destroying our character and injuring our reputation for honesty and honor.

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night, the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."



**H**AVING frequently noticed scholars reading the Outing and other such magazines, these questions have come to our mind, "What do we usually read, when we have a few moments to spend in the reading room?" "Do we use all our opportunities for making ourselves what is termed 'well read'?" I wonder if we do not too often pick up a magazine, skip over the pages of good information, of discussions of present day affairs, and read some story that looks promising in adventure and excitement.

As we notice the accounts of events and happenings all over the world, we think that in the few moments we have at our disposal, we haven't time to read those things, but can just run over a story or some sporting news. This is a great mistake, for a few moments each day spent in good reading will broaden one's outlook, will keep one in touch with the great world outside of Bethel. Now some one asks, "Why shouldn't I take a little recreation and read stories or some such things?" We should, "sometimes," but we must watch ourselves to see whether we make a fair division of our time. One's taste for reading, good or poor, is formed, it is generally agreed, when one is young, and the habit always clings to us. Take some standard work and read a little every day, and gradually you become acquainted with the great authors, with the remarkable discoveries of men, with the histories of all nations. Merely story reading never helped to make a cultivated man, whereas good, solid reading has almost made many a man of great renown. The great world today demands in society, in business, in every place, the well-informed man. Are we fitting ourselves to the best of our ability to meet the demand?



**W**HY have athletics in our school? The aim of the school is to assist in making of our boys and girls, true men and women—good and efficient citizens. How do athletics help in that? We are all aware that health is indispensable to good citizenship, and that,

as a rule, other accomplishments are of little value without it. A high degree of health cannot be maintained without active physical exercise, and it is a well established fact that proper athletic sports aid greatly in building up and preserving sound, healthy bodies. They are also conducive to mental development. A prominent psychologist tells us that when we learn to do with the left hand anything which we could previously do only with the right, our power of mental grasp is correspondingly increased. How much greater, then, the gain resulting from a general athletic training. Again, athletics help by training our boys and girls to "pull together." Society prospers only as its members work with each other harmoniously, and will not our future citizens be better able to unite their efforts if they have learned, in their school days, to play games in which that is the only possible way of winning? It has been said "That the poorest education that teaches self control is better than the best that neglects it." What better means of teaching self control than athletic sports? In order to excel in them, one must be temperate in living, able to govern his temper, and to act with promptness and skill, whenever there is an opening. The boy who has learned to face his opponent in a contest with perfect self possession is better prepared to face and overcome the evil in life. When one learns always to abide by the rules of the game, when he has learned to lose, if need be, rather than win by foul means, then he is pretty sure to become a man of honor and integrity. Girls, too, may profit in all these lines as much as boys, perhaps even more. And we hope the days when it was considered unbecoming for a lady to possess a good degree of physical strength are forever past. Of course anything, however good, may be spoiled by carrying it to excess or by entering into it with

a mean spirit, but athletic sports, properly conducted, can do much toward developing true manliness and womanliness in our boys and girls.

SOME time ago a list of the most imperative needs of Gould's Academy was announced through these columns, and an earnest appeal was made to the alumni and friends of the school to "come over and help us." Since then several important demands have been met, but if the school is to grow and develop as it should, it must have new and enlarged facilities. We believe there is not another Academy in New England that has kept its doors open for seventy years with a permanent endowment of only \$1000. Why is this fund so small? Has our Academy less friends, or are its alumni less loyal to their Alma Mater than those of our sister schools? We believe there are graduates of Gould's scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who still have a warm corner in their hearts for the old school, and that their apparent indifference to her welfare is largely due to ignorance of her actual needs. Who will be the first to add to her permanent endowment, or contribute any sum, be it large or small, to be applied directly to the support of the school? We now have a Principal's Home, who will provide a home for the students by supplying that much needed dormitory? Who will start a Laboratory Fund, the income to be used for the purchase of chemical and physical apparatus? Who will establish a Prize Fund, the income to be used for proficiency prizes? Who will give us a Library Fund? We need it now. Who will be the first to respond to the call and supply one of these needs? Whether it be the largest or the smallest, it will receive its just share of appreciation from the students and teachers of Gould's Academy and from her friends wherever found.



## Literary.

### Trifles.

In the thrill of admiration awakened in us, as we acquaint ourselves with the noble lives and great deeds of the past, we are apt to consider our own opportunities for influence meagre and common-place, and to value as of little consequence those things which have truly vast and far-reaching results. Few, indeed, are they who are offered occasions for great deeds of valor or self-sacrifice. It is rather by simple effort, the seeming trifle, that the character of a man or woman is accurately shown in the busy, practical world of to-day.

That gentleman knew this, who, in the story, advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and from fifty or more applicants, quickly selected one and dismissed the rest. On being asked by a friend, why he had chosen this particular boy, who had not a single recommendation, he replied,—“You are mistaken, he had a great many. He closed the door after him. He gave up his seat instantly to that old man; and picked up a book, which I had purposely placed on the floor, and put it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or pushed it aside. When I talked to him, he answered my questions promptly and respectfully; and I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean. Don’t you call those letters of recommendation?”

It was here simply because of carefulness and simple attentions that the lad obtained his situation. Character is manifested most often in such little acts, and these when carefully and honorably performed help to make life successful; just as a single stroke of the

brush, though of little significance in itself, by repetition, produces the beautiful picture or the masterpiece of sculptured art.

A tremendous train of events have been set in motion by a single act. Of this truth we have a notable instance in our own state. On one Fourth of July, years ago, a large part of the city of Portland was laid waste by a disastrous fire, kindled by only a little fire-cracker, lighted by a small boy and carelessly tossed upon a house-roof. The wind fanned it into flame; it burned the dwelling; it spread to adjoining houses; it sprang from street to street, till most of the city lay in ashes. The holiday ended in sorrow, desolation and death. Over a hundred acres were burned; hundreds of homes were ruined; hundreds of happy families were broken up, the bright hopes and ambitions of thousands were ended by the single act of the small boy.

Coleridge says “There is nothing insignificant—nothing,” and Pope says “What mighty contests rise from trivial things!” and we have only to turn to the pages of history for confirmation. The greatest events of all the past have turned on the smallest pivots. The mere forgetting to dot an “i” or cross a “t” has swept away fortunes and destroyed the credit of nations. A simple jest, and a witty retort have brought on war and changed the destinies of two great empires.

“What have you been doing since my last visit?” said a gentleman to Michael Angelo, “I cannot see that you have made any progress.” The famous sculptor replied,—“Why, I have re-touched this part, polished that, softened that feature, brought out that muscle, given expression to this lip and more energy to that limb.” “But,” said the visitor, “they are trifles.” “It may be so, but trifles make perfection, and per-

fection is no trifle," replied the artist.

It is but a little thing that may turn child or man to right or wrong. A judicious word opportunely spoken, a cruel retort, ill-timed at best, a kind or unkind act may lead to momentous results for good or ill. Trifles all, we say—yet by the discrimination and choice of them, is determined our sphere of usefulness, and the measure of our ultimate failure or success in life.

M. L. A., '06.

### **Labor Conquers All—Class Oration.**

BY RALPH M. BACON, '05.

In selecting a class motto, which should serve as a help and inspiration, not only throughout these four years of study at the Academy, but in the years to come,—could we have made a better selection, one which could truly be more uplifting or more inspiring, than the old motto, "*Labor omnia vincit*," labor conquers all? It contains only three short words, yet if we examine carefully, we shall find a wealth of meaning hidden within.

Labor may not necessarily imply physical exertion. He labors hard and faithfully, who applies himself diligently to his task, whether he be the teacher or the minister, the farmer or the mechanic. The student, if he is true to himself, labors in order that he may master the rudiments of that knowledge, which shall better enable him to pass successfully through the trials and struggles of life. The millionaire labors, in looking after his accounts, and in making sure that his investments are safe. Cornelius Vanderbilt at his death could truly say that he had made a million dollars for every year of his life. What was the cause of his success? Steady, persistent labor, combined with splendid business ability, and a spirit that knew not the meaning of the word failure. Where shall we

find a successful business or professional man, who has obtained his position without labor? Take the greatest names in the history of our glorious republic, and we find them almost invariably to be men, who by steady, persevering labor, have worked their way upward and onward to fame and honor. They were not afraid to labor at any task, however difficult, however humble, provided it was honest and upright.

The life of a successful man is but a series of struggles in which he overcomes and conquers all the contending forces. Abraham Lincoln, born in a log hut in the western wilderness, with no one to depend upon but himself, in obtaining an education, by steady, persistent labor, by a spirit undaunted by obstacles or failures, worked his way upward, until the people elected him President of his country—a President who will be remembered as long as history endures. Thomas A. Edison, whose wonderful inventions and discoveries in the realm of science, have startled the modern world, began his career as a poor boy, obliged to work hard for a living. Beginning life as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, by devoting all his spare time to electrical experiments, he has worked his way to the very front ranks of scientists and inventors, and has given to the world some of the most wonderful and remarkable inventions of the age. The secret of his success is told in his own words, "Inspiration is only another word for perspiration."

We have another notable example in this country of what labor may accomplish, in the person of Booker T. Washington, a man, who, from the very lowest ranks of the despised colored race, has worked his way upward until he has become known the world over, as the leader of his race, as one of the greatest teachers and most eloquent orators in the land.



Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, together with hundreds of others, were men who met with failure after failure; but they were determined to succeed in spite of all obstacles, and after years of hard work and hard study, they did succeed.

Innumerable examples could be given, of men who have risen from the ranks, to positions of trust and honor, solely by their own unaided efforts; but have not enough already been given, to show that no position of prominence, trust or honor, can be obtained without labor? It may be true that all laboring men are not successful, but it is true that all successful men are laboring men. We cannot all become statesmen, inventors, orators, or financiers, but if we labor intelligently, persistently, we can build a noble character, which is the truest and highest success.

But there are contending forces, against which the individual must continually be on his guard. "There is no royal road to success," says the old maxim, and there is perhaps much truth expressed in that one sentence. There is much to conquer, much to overcome, but if we make up our minds to succeed, and labor for that purpose, we will succeed. The student at school often has much to contend with. He may have a special aversion for some study, which seems to him uninteresting or of little value; but if he labors to overcome that dislike, to become interested in the subject, he is almost certain to succeed. Nearly all of our most important branches of study, have been built up by steady, persistent research, by patient investigation, which has been the work of centuries.

We are proud of our glorious republic, stretching from sea to sea, with its magnificent cities, its fertile farms, its churches and schools and everything that makes life brighter and happier,

but do we realize the amount of labor which was required in the founding and building up of this nation? Do we realize that the continuation of this happy state of affairs depends on labor? For if we would preserve this nation, to serve as a guiding star for the oppressed in other lands, to stand forever as the emblem of strength, honor, and freedom for all men, we must labor to keep its government clear from corruption, to see that its laws are obeyed, and that its people are protected from oppression and wrong. Everywhere there are glorious opportunities awaiting us. They will not seek for us, we must seek for them, and once we find them, we must cling to them. "Labor conquers all." May that motto, which has accomplished so much in the past, which has led so many men and women onward to success and honor, forever guide and safely lead each member of the class of nineteen hundred and five.

### **The Burbank Experiments.**

That the scientific wizard, the miracle maker of gardens was born in New England, has added greatly to our interest in his wonder work.

At fifty-six years, in the prime of life, Luther Burbank lives with his aged mother in Santa Rosa, California, where most of his experiments have been carried on. Firm in his principles, he uses neither tobacco nor strong drink, and will employ no one addicted to these vices. "I believe you are the man who improves upon nature," some one remarked; when he rather indignantly replied: "No, sir; I only direct some of her forces." New plants, new fruits, new flowers, new trees, such as have never been known before, are springing from his gardens. A man's surroundings become a part of himself, and Luther Burbank has lived very near to nature.

In far away New Zealand and Australia, in the Cecil Rhodes orchards of South Africa are found some of his creations; in the gardens of King Edward and the Japanese Mikado grows the famous Crimson winter rhubarb. The "primus" berry, a cross between the Siberian raspberry and California blackberry, the "plumcot," offspring of the plum and apricot, the "pomato" growing from the potato vine, but preferable to the tomato, the new sugar prune, the Bartlett and rice seed plums form a few of his wonderful achievements.

In front of Mr. Burbank's home is a row of "Paradox" walnut trees, some of which in thirteen years, have developed trunks two feet in diameter, and the wood is remarkable for its durability, notwithstanding its rapid growth. The parent tree at thirty-five is a mere baby in comparison. In a bed of more than two thousand poppy plants last year, no two were alike. The discovery of the fadeless flower is most interesting. A firm of Parisian milliners has bought out the entire secret, and no one else in the world can have fadeless flowers for their hats. The thornless Cactus, when perfected, will be priceless in value, and go forth on its mission of mercy to reclaim vast deserts, and furnish food for uncounted millions.

You may say any one can cross plants and secure variations, but it is the later selection that counts. From millions of plants and seedlings only a few are found worthy of propagation. An army alone is insufficient for victory, without a Caesar or a Napoleon at its head. The trustees of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, D. C. have appropriated one hundred thousand dollars, payable in ten annual instalments, to facilitate his work, and to secure accurate records for science. Many honors have been bestowed upon

him, and the public schools of that region are making his birthday, March seventh, a "Burbank Day" for the planting of trees and flowers with appropriate exercises; a fitting tribute.

Since such wonders are wrought with plants, what may not be accomplished for man, the most sensitive of all living things to his environment.

MARY E. SHIRLEY, '69.

### **The First Commencement of Milford High School.**

"Isn't that the funniest thing you ever heard of!" exclaimed Mary Jacobs, running into a small recitation room where a few girls had gathered.

"What do you mean? You always begin at the middle of things," said Eva Lucas, her chum. "Explain yourself."

"Yes, do!" they all cried.

This scene took place in the High School building in the town of Milford, Ohio. As it was the close of the spring term, all the students were interested in the graduation, since it was the first graduation of that recently established institution.

"Well, it's this way. You all know how provoked Louise Talford was because she didn't receive an honor."

"Yes, but she didn't deserve it!" said Pauline Otis, one of the group.

"No, siree, she didn't! She was out every Monday, and was always getting excused," said another.

"Now if you don't stop interrupting, I shall not say another thing."

"Oh yes you will, for *me*, won't you?" said Eva, making a very comical attempt to look sad and imploring at the same time, at which all the girls laughed.

"I know it," continued Mary, "but she thinks she does, and so she won't take her English examination. Just think, her mother and father uphold her in it!"

"If she doesn't take it, she will have



to graduate with a blank diploma, won't she?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know. But there goes the bell," answered Pauline. Nothing more was said on the subject. Every one was busy with her own affairs.

The Senior class had asked Mary if they could dress and wait at her house, as it was very near the hall, where the exercises took place. So Mary had gladly consented. She invited the teachers, and also asked many of the other students to come.

The night of the graduation came at last, and the home of Mary Jacobs was full of merry, happy and daintily dressed girls. But among the seniors there was a suppressed excitement, and a decided coolness between Louise and the other members of the class. Her obstinately set mouth betokened trouble. At last they all went over to the hall except the teachers and some of the seniors. Mary, of course, remained to be of any service she could. She had noticed that the Principal looked rather annoyed about something, and that he and the assistant, Miss Bramhall, were talking very seriously together. Finally, all the teachers and remaining students started for the hall.

Soon the under-graduates were all seated in the hall. Everyone was quietly waiting for the entrance of the graduates. The orchestra started to play, but was given the signal to stop. Mary, who had been one of the last to come in, had just taken her seat, when Richard Heywood, one of the ushers, came to her and said: "Mary, Mr. Pitts would like to speak to you."

"All right. Where shall I find him?"

"In the committee room."

She went immediately, and soon found him where Richard had said. He was very nervous and somewhat confused.

"Mary, I have left the ribbons for the

diplomas in my coat pocket, over at your house. Will you get them, please?"

"Certainly," she responded, wondering vaguely where she would find the coat. After much searching she found the ribbons, emptying each pocket in the attempt.

"Men always have more pockets than they need," she sputtered, "especially when one is in a hurry to find anything."

She soon returned and gave the ribbons to him. "Now tie the diplomas, can't you?" he asked nervously.

"All right, I'll see to it," beckoning to her mother who was in the outer hall with the class, to help her.

Everything had been very quiet, and Mary thought the class was about to march in. Then there was a stir in the outer hall. It was not the class, but Mr. Talford, who was rudely making his way to the door with his daughter, talking very angrily. As he reached the door, Mary heard him say:

"Very well! we'll see what the court thinks about it."

Mary didn't wait to hear any more, but went out into the outer hall just in time to see Mr. Talford and Louise disappear in the direction of their home. She wanted to ask questions, but she saw an excited group of teachers, seniors, parents and members of the school board.

Then Mr. Pitts beckoned to one of the ushers to give the orchestra the word to play. The orchestra played a lively air, and the graduating class marched in. Oh how prettily the dainty white gowns of the girls showed against the dark green of the decorations! But as they neared the stage there was an excited stir, and whispers could be heard:

"Isn't she going to graduate?"

"It can't be that they let her think she was to graduate, and then, at the

last moment, told her that she could not!"

"I haven't seen her this evening, have you?"

This last question was asked Mary by some of the students.

Everything became still, for the Principal had risen to speak. Everyone wondered what he would say. He only said these words:

"I am sorry for the absence of Miss Talford, but we will continue the exercises without her."

The exercises were concluded at last, but no one had taken much interest, so curious were they about Louise, and the class did not do as well as it might otherwise have done.

The next day the students were decorating the hall for the reception. Of course everyone was anxious to learn the reasons why Louise had not graduated, but no one seemed to know.

"Oh, here comes Mary. She will probably know," said Nita Brooks, "because she overheard some of the conversation at the hall, and Mr. Pitts tells her mother everything."

"Mary, do you know anything about it?" she asked.

"Yes, I do! and it is just too ridiculous for anything," she replied scornfully.

"You know Louise wanted to graduate with the class, but Mr. Pitts told her she would have to have a blank diploma. She said that was all right; but her father didn't think so. And you can't guess what he did."

"Well, what did he do?" asked Eva impatiently.

"He bribed the Supervisor not to sign any of the diplomas. The mean old thing."

"Why, the idea!"

"If that isn't the greatest!"

"Yes, but its just like Talford!"

"What did Inez Berry and Alice

Parkhurst say to that? They deserved their diplomas."

"If you'll keep still, I'll tell you," said Mary.

"Mum's the word, girls. We'll use our ears," said Eva.

"When Mr. Pitts gave the diplomas to the Supervisor, just before the class marched in, the latter said he would not sign them. Mr. Pitts was surprised and indignant. While they were talking, Mr. Berry, Inez's father, came up. He heard what the Supervisor had said, and—"

"What did he say?" broke in one of the girls.

"I'm glad he found out," said Eva.

"Go on, Mary," said another.

"He said that if the Supervisor didn't sign his daughter's diploma, he would take her home."

"Good for Mr. Berry!"

"And Mr. Parkhurst took the same stand."

"What did they do next?" asked someone.

"Well, the school committee said that if he didn't sign the diplomas as he should, they would dismiss the audience, and he would have to give a public resignation."

"Good enough. Serves him right," came from several girls.

"This frightened him so he had to sign them. But Mr. Talford was in the hall and heard the whole conversation; and he came to the Supervisor and shook his fist and said: 'Now see here, you promised not to sign those diplomas, and you—you'll be sorry if you do.'"

"Sorry if he didn't," said Eva, under her breath. "I'm sorry," said the Super, "but I guess I will have to sign them."

"Old coward! Had to be frightened into doing right. What a nice, strong-



mind Supervisor we have," said Eva, sarcastically.

"How much we all ought to think of him! If I could, I would have him put at the head of Harvard," added Pauline.

"But, girls, stop chattering and hear the rest. Oh, but I must tell you this first! The Supervisor tried to evade the question, by suggesting that they have the exercises without giving out the diplomas at all, but Miss Bramhall said she would not sit with the teachers, if the diplomas were not to be given to the class, as it was an injustice to those who deserved them."

"Wasn't that just lovely of her," said one.

"Yes, she is just all right," said Eva.

"And now," continued Mary, "Mr. Talford is going to sue Mr. Pitts for injustice to his daughter, and he says he will even take it to the Court. 'Why!' he said, 'I have won two five hundred dollar cases, and I guess I can win another.'"

"Oh! oh! did you ever hear anything so absurd. So there is going to be a case founded on partiality. Let's go," laughed Pauline.

"Don't you mean impartiality?" asked Nita.

"I truly hope he'll win, don't you?"

Just as Eva made this remark, Mr. Pitts came up, and, with a very woe-begone face, said: "Girls, I beg you to be my witnesses at the trial." And then he and the girls had a good laugh over the whole affair.

Then the door opened, and Mabel Smith rushed in, and said in an excited tone: "Girls would you believe it, Louise is taking her English test after all! She has decided that she wants to go away to school this fall, and a diploma wouldn't be amiss."

"Oh, I see," said Nita.

"Well, she will get a diploma after all, and graduate with honor," drawled Mary.

"What do you mean?" asked several.

"Why, didn't she have the honor of making the first commencement of Milford High, a most memorable event?"

"If that's an honor, she's won it all all right," said Eva."

"Yes, and to think that she has made all this stir and fuss only to go to work and take her English test after all," added Pauline.

"I hope it will be a good hard one!" said Mary.

J. A. F., '07.



### Friendship.

"By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness and the most open communication, the noblest suffering and the severest truth, the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable."

—

"In all misfortunes, the greatest consolation is a sympathizing friend."

—

"True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

—

"If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;  
Why should good word ne'er be said  
Of a friend till he is dead?"

—

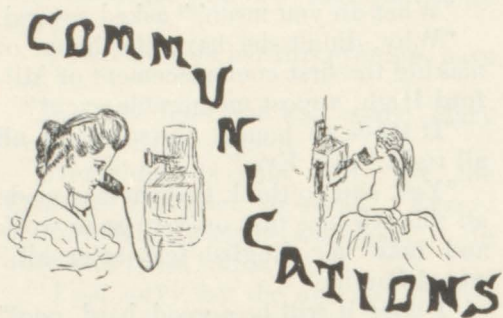
"He who has a thousand friends  
Has not one friend to spare,  
But he who has one enemy  
Will meet him everywhere."

—

"Firm as an anchor, buried far  
Beneath the rolling sea;  
Pure as the sky above it bent,  
So shall our friendship be."

—

"Strong as the ship that braves the blast  
Upon a stormy sea;  
Deep as the ocean's rippling tide,  
So shall our friendship be."



DEAR HERALD :—

When I received your letter, asking me to tell you something of my school, I feared I could not do it justice; but as all members of G. A. '04 are firm believers in "No such word as fail," I hope the following may give you some idea of the many advantages we enjoy here.

Emerson College of Oratory is primarily a school of personal culture. It seeks to awaken in the student of expression, whether he aims to be a creative thinker or an interpreter, a realization of his own possibilities, and to give such direction to his training that he may attain them. While it is called a College of Oratory, and while it emphasizes careful training in public speaking, it is also a school of belles-lettres, a school of physical training, and a school of pedagogy.

The regular work of the college requires a space of three years, and consists of two general courses; one in practical theatric training, and one in pedagogy.

It is the largest institution of its kind in the world; the average number in attendance being about four hundred.

The faculty consists of twenty-eight teachers, besides Dean Southwick and President William J. Rolfe, who is known far and wide by the Rolfe edition of Shakespeare's Plays.

Through the alliance, which Emerson

formed with the New England Conservatory of Music, a short time ago, Emerson students have special musical advantages as well as being welcome at all lectures and recitals given at the Conservatory.

The Posse Gymnasium is also open to Emerson students, and there special work is done along the lines of physical training. The personal and literary culture afforded by the courses are of the highest value, not only to those who have a professional end in view, but to men and women who do not intend to make oratory a specialty. A strong personality, a cultured and noble manhood, is infinitely superior to any tricks of voice or gesture; and when a man loves the truth, lives it, and can present it effectively to others, he has received the best possible preparation for the work of life, as well as for the work of oratory. "The greatest thing in oratory is the orator."

Edith R. Hastings, G. A. '04.  
Boston, Mass., Oct. 24, 1905.



"To leave the world a name is nought;  
To leave a name for glorious deeds,  
And works of love.  
A name to waken lightning thought,  
And fire the soul of him who reads;  
This tells above."

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Sheakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



## Obituary.

### Maj. G. A. Hastings.

Major G. A. Hastings, whose death occurred Aug. 31, at the home of his son in Winchester, Oregon, was born in Bethel, Feb. 18, 1821, and was therefore eighty-four years of age. After acquiring an education in the public schools and Gould's Academy, being

He invested largely in timber lands and power privileges in this section and northern New Hampshire, which later resulted in financial disaster. Nothing daunted, however, he again resumed lumbering operations in association with his brother, the late Maj. David Hastings of Fryeburg, and later with his son David R. Hastings of Auburn. They have acquired large holdings of valuable timber lands, including largely the Batchelder grant.



THE LATE MAJOR G. A. HASTINGS.

one of its first students, he became associated with his father, the late John Hastings, in blacksmithing, and later with Woods and Horner, constructors and contractors on the Grand Trunk.

Nov. 15, 1861, Major Hastings enlisted as a private in the 12th Me. Vol. Infantry and was subsequently promoted to Captain of Co. A., of the same regiment. In June, 1863, he was com-

missioned Major of the 12th Me., and took part in all the campaigns of that organization, which was assigned to the department of the Gulf, and was present at the surrender of New Orleans. He also participated in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and after the surrender of Savannah, Ga., was appointed Provost Judge, subsequently serving as Military Marshal of West Georgia with headquarters at Thomasville. Later he was appointed agent of the Freedmen's Bureau for Southwestern Georgia, with headquarters at Albany, and was empowered to administer the oath of allegiance. He was mustered out of service, April 26, 1866. Having acquired a liking for the South, he purchased a plantation with a view to settling, but was obliged to relinquish all aspirations in that direction owing to Southern malarial troubles.

As a public citizen, Major Hastings has been called upon to fill numerous positions of honor and trust, which he has done with much credit. He served as Town Clerk in 1850-51, and as a member of the House of Representatives in 1852. He was a member of the Board of Selectmen in 1870, 1871, and 1872, the last two years as chairman, and again in 1883. He was County Commissioner one term; was Superintendent of the Bethel Water Company for fourteen years and President of the Board of Trustees of Gould's Academy fifteen years.

A life, rich in years and in kindly deeds has gone out from our midst. The community mourns the loss of an upright citizen, and his familiar figure will be much missed upon the streets of our village.



### Martha B. Chapman.

Martha Barnard, youngest daughter of Seth B. Newell, was born in Bethel Jan. 17, 1830. She attended the public schools and Gould's Academy, and after having taught several years in the district schools of Bethel, Newry, Upton, Milan, N. H., and neighboring towns, entered the Bridgewater Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., and was graduated from that institution in 1859. She then went to Carnie, Illinois, where she taught three years.

On Sept. 2, 1862, she was married to Tilden Upton, Principal of the Carnie schools. Mr. Upton had been a classmate at Bridgewater. They lived in Carnie until Mr. Upton's health began to fail, when they came to Bethel. Mr. Upton died here in 1866. Mrs. Upton married Timothy H. Chapman Oct. 13, 1867. His death occurred March 2, 1903.

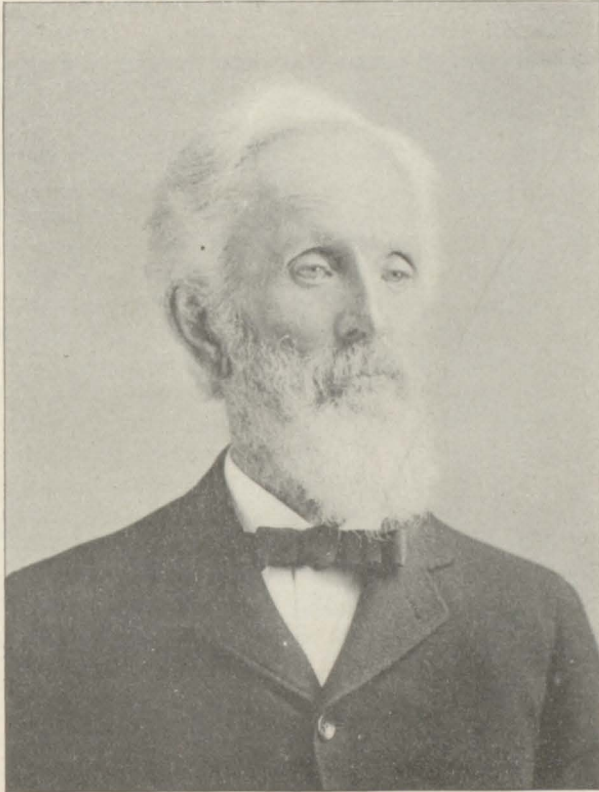
Mrs. Chapman has been one of the leading members of the Congregational church, in the village. Her council has been sought and ever kindly and wisely given. She was always ready to bear her share of responsibility, and her shrewd sense, kindly expressed, helped over difficulties and to solve many problems. Her hospitality was freely extended and enjoyed by many of those who were her neighbors and friends. She was one of the most active members of the W. C. T. U. and intensely interested in the various branches of that organization. Mrs. Chapman had an unusually bright mind, enjoying to the full the intellectual opportunities that came to her, and materially aiding in the extension of literary culture. A home-maker, yet not tied to the home; a Christian, yet enjoying the delights of life; with strict ideas of propriety, yet with a broad and liberal sympathy, she was in many ways a woman of remarkable character.



**Samuel B. Twitchell.**

In the death of Samuel B. Twitchell, which occurred at his late home in Mayville, September 30, 1905, Bethel loses one of her most honored and highly respected citizens. Few men have been so closely identified with the town and its various interests. A man of keen business ability, he was not only successful

Twitchell was born in Bethel, March 16, 1829. He was the only son of five children, the others being Abigail B. who married Dr. R. G. Wiley; Roxanna A., married Alphin Twitchell; Mary E., married David Garland, and Susanna R., married J. K. Mason. The latter is the only surviving one of the five.



THE LATE SAMUEL B. TWITCHELL.

in his own affairs, but was sought after in connection with the affairs of others. Though characterized by some as conservative, yet his conservatism was at a premium, and men of best judgment sought his opinion, and never questioned his position.

Samuel Barker Twitchell, son of Col. Thaddeus Twitchell and Sukey Barker

He was born and always lived on the old homestead, helping his father clear much of the farm which to-day is one of the best farms in the Androscoggin valley. He also helped set many of the trees along the road, which add so much to the beauty of Mayville. He was educated in the common schools and Gould's Academy, being one of Dr. True's pupils.

In the earlier days he was in trade in the store where Jotham Chapman now lives, and at that time he had a large trade with the lumbermen throughout the lake region. He was obliged to give up trade, however, on account of poor health, and has since given his attention to the management of his farm.

On December 11, 1853, he married Miss Melvina A. Chapman, who died February 9, 1889. Three children were born to them, Marion Blanchard, wife of Clarence W. Hobbs of Worcester, Mass.; Susie Barker and Florence Eliza, each of whom lived in Bethel with their father. There are two grandsons, Clarence W. and Samuel Twitchell Hobbs.

Besides holding various town offices from time to time, Mr. Twitchell represented his district in the State Legislature in 1879 and 1880, during the famous count out term, and it was his vote that settled the Hale and Frye fight for the United State Senate, his vote being cast for Hale.

He has for several years been president of the Bethel Savings Bank and the Bethel Creamery Company, treasurer of the Board of Trustees of Gould's Academy, also of the Ministerial and School Fund, and was one who was called often to assist in the adjustment of financial matters of both public and private nature.

### **Fred I. Barker.**

Mr. Fred I. Barker, whose death in Santa Barbara, California, occurred Sept. 17, 1905, was born in Bethel, Maine, Oct. 3, 1824. He received his education at Gould's Academy, and was a schoolmate of the late Major Hastings and S. B. Twitchell.

At the age of seventeen he started from home to make his own way in the world, and was first employed in Fanuel Hall Market, Boston; later he went

West and lived several years, then he returned to Boston and enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment. He served his country loyally through all the dark years of war. After the close of the war he went to Santa Barbara, California, where he has since resided. Twenty-three years ago, but a few months before the death of his father and mother, he visited his home and Bethel friends.

He was a house builder and built several in Santa Barbara, but in later years made inside finish of homes a specialty.

Mr. Barker always recalled his school days with pleasure, and at different times has sent magazines and other reading matter for the Reading room of the Academy, thus showing the interest he felt in his old school.

The best encomium that can be pronounced is that which comes from a friend who knew his daily life:

"He had many friends and was greatly beloved by those who knew him best. He was a noble, true-hearted man, loyal to his friends and to his country."

### **Joseph W. Ballard.**

In the death of Joseph W. Ballard, which occurred Saturday, Sept. 9, 1905, Gould's Academy lost its oldest living Alumnus. Mr. Ballard was born in Wakefield, N. H., in the year 1808. When a youth, his father moved to Bethel, taking up his residence in what was then known as the old Mansion House, which stood on the site where now stands the store of E. C. Rowe.

Mr. Ballard was one of the thirty-five students who attended the first term of High School in 1835, under the management of Dr. N. T. True. He was also one of the first to be enrolled as a student at the Academy in 1836, Isaac Randall, Principal. Although, at that time, he was twenty-



seven years of age, he was far more eager for knowledge than the average youth of seventeen. He was called eccentric by his schoolmates, but however odd he might have appeared to them, with his teachers, and in his recitations, he was among the first.

Among his schoolmates were the late Alphonso G. Hastings, Francis A. M. Kendall, the Ingalls family, Evelyn, Drusilla, and Moses, and his brother, Alpheus, now an aged citizen of Upton,

Maine. In his early manhood, he was a great friend of the late Dr. R. G. Wiley.

Later in life he joined, and was ever after connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, for a number of years being a local preacher. Mr. Ballard was a profound thinker, a zealous lover of biblical history, a firm believer in all church work. He claimed no great distinction, he filled no conspicuous places, but lived as he died, a Christian citizen.



PRINCIPAL'S HOME.

### Principal's Home.

For the benefit of the friends of "Old Gould's" away from Bethel, a view of the Principal's Home as it appears at present, is herewith presented to our readers. This home, which was given to the Institution one year ago by Hon. L. E. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has since been thoroughly repaired and equipped with all modern conveniences, and has been occupied by Prin. Hanscom and his family since July 1. Both Mr. Hanscom and the Academy are to be congratulated, and the good will of

every friend of Gould's Academy goes out to the loyal son, who, amid the triumphs and honors of a highly successful business and professional life, still has a warm corner in his heart for Gould's Academy and fondly cherishes the memory of his school-days in Bethel. May his example turn the attention of others of Gould's successful sons to their Alma Mater, and may they be inspired to aid in providing for her gradually increasing needs, in a manner that will give character and dignity to her old age.



GOULD'S ACADEMY.

### **Gould's Academy Alumni Banquet and Dr. True Memorial Service.**

On the ninth of last June, there assembled in the parlors of Prospect Hotel, in Bethel, a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, among them being many of Bethel's representative and respected citizens, while there were others who had come from distant town and city, from busy mart and noisy market-place, back to these grand old Oxford hills, to the scenes of their early school days. Willingly, nay, gladly, they came to pay allegiance to the dear old Academy, and not a few to offer loving tribute to the memory of their "Beloved Teacher," Dr. N. T. True. For there had been conceived in the

mind of one who holds the interests of Gould's Academy most at heart, two happy ideas,—that there be procured and presented to the Academy a portrait of the late honored Dr. True, who held the reins of government over Gould's Academy in its pioneer days, and whose memory is held a valued legacy by all who knew him; and that a Reunion of the pupils of Dr. True be combined with the annual Alumni Banquet. Under the direction of the originator of these excellent ideas, a committee was chosen, consisting of Mr. Algernon S. Chapman, Mrs. William O. Straw and Mrs. John M. Philbrook. Correspondence was opened with the former pupils of Dr. True, who generously responded, and ample funds were contributed for the purchase of the por-



trait. All other necessary arrangements incidental to procuring the portrait were completed by this competent Committee, and through their deep interest and untiring efforts this worthy enterprise was brought to a successful conclusion, and the gift of this fine portrait made possible. It was therefore decided that there could not be a more appropriate occasion than this Reunion for the formal presentation of the portrait of Dr. True to the Academy.

It will certainly be interesting to the Alumni and all friends of Dr. True to have further information concerning the portrait, and particularly to know something of the artist. The portrait is done in crayon, and is a finely executed piece of work, suitably framed. The "Fathers" of the institution and former students of Dr. True may well feel proud to have it grace the walls of the main assembly hall in the Academy. The names of the pupils of Dr. True, who contributed to its purchase, are placed upon the back of the portrait.

The Committee were truly fortunate in securing the services of an artist of distinction for making the portrait and choosing the frame,—Mrs. John Preston True, a daughter-in-law of the "Beloved Teacher." Mrs. True has not only made an enviable name for herself in the world of art by her illustrations, including among others, some of her husband's books, but she has successfully made a specialty of crayon and pastel portraits of distinguished persons, public and private. To mention a few of her noted portraits would include a Maine Supreme Court Judge and various members of his family; a former President of Columbia College in his robes; the little daughter of General Charles King, the novelist, which was placed upon exhibition in Milwaukee and pronounced the finest bit of portraiture ever seen in that city.

The guests were received, upon arriving at Prospect Hotel, by the ladies who served upon the Portrait Committee, Mrs. William O. Straw and Mrs. John M. Philbrook, assisted by Mrs. Cyrene S. Littlehale, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Mrs. G. R. Wiley and Mrs. Seth Walker, all of whom had received instruction at the old Academy under Dr. True. Many there were among the older students of Dr. True, who were prevented from being present only because of the stress of business cares or the barriers of distance. Most of those absent gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to give testimony to their appreciation of the life and work of Dr. True, as the letters and messages which follow go to prove.

It was a privilege to have present the members of the "Beloved Teacher's" family, and the occasion was graced by the presence of Mrs. True,—the real guest of honor. The other members of the family present were Mr. A. M. True, a man well versed on the leading events of the day, and whose excellent judgment in literary matters is often solicited; Miss Mary H. True, of whose well-known success as a teacher of the deaf, and brilliant scholarly attainments her native town is justly proud; Mrs. J. G. Gehring, who gives lavishly of her many accomplishments and wide experience for the benefit of Gould's Academy and the community at large; Mr. John Preston True, of Boston, the noted author and shining light in the literary world, who is ever loyal to Gould's Academy and his native town; Mrs. B. L. Bryant, of Bangor, whose rare gifts as a musician and promising talent as a writer are widely recognized.

The dining rooms of Prospect Hotel presented a brilliant scene when the one hundred and six guests were seated at the attractive tables. Mr. H. H. Hastings, President of the Alumni As-

sociation, presided in his usual praiseworthy manner, at the exercises, and introduced Judge A. E. Herrick as Toastmaster. To state that Judge Herrick served in that capacity with efficiency and dignity would voice the opinion of all present. His remarks introducing the speakers, were both appropriate and well-chosen, and to him was due much of the success of the Banquet.

The presentation of the portrait was the principal event of the Banquet, and the address of Dr. George M. Twitchell was received with the marked interest and approbation which his fine ability as a public speaker always commands. His presence at the Banquet, due to special effort on his own part, was heartily appreciated.

The decorations were artistically arranged, and the beautiful flowers themselves were another, though silent tribute to the memory of the one all honored. Choice roses spoke of a loving remembrance. It was a Reunion and a Memorial Service in which harmony and accord were apparent, since all had gathered together for one purpose, with one idea,—to manifest an appreciation of a strong, helpful life, to endorse the example of an upright character, and to give honor where honor is due.

JOAN STEARNS KILBORN, '96.

The above would be incomplete were not at least passing mention made of the unveiling of the portrait, which, in the opinion of all present, was the most impressive feature of the exercises, and lent a charming touch of grace to the occasion.

After the guests were assembled in the spacious reception room at Prospect Hotel, Mr. H. H. Hastings, a loyal alumnus of Gould's, called the meeting to order, and Mrs. Joan

Stearns Kilborn, chairman of the Banquet Committee, to whose untiring efforts the success of the literary part of the programme was largely due, performed the simple but impressive ceremony of unveiling the portrait, which stood on an easel at the rear of the room, surrounded by ferns and flowers. Mrs. Kilborn performed her part with dignity and grace, and made a charming picture as she descended the broad stairway into the reception room, bearing a beautiful laurel wreath, and removing the drapery of academy colors veiling the gift, placed the wreath above the portrait. Later the portrait was formally presented, as told elsewhere, and the hearty applause of those present was an eloquent expression of the gratification of the friends of the Academy.

The portrait has since been hung on the walls of the assembly room of the Academy, where it will serve as a perpetual reminder of the loyalty of the alumni to the institution, as well as a warm tribute of love and honor to the memory of the loved teacher, Dr. True, who gave his best years and his rich talents to the upbuilding of the Academy.

R. C.

### Presentation Address.

BY DR. GEORGE M. TWITCHELL.

Because of necessary delays, the address of Dr. George M. Twitchell was not announced by the President until after the speaker had been called to take a carriage to connect with the last train east. Into less than ten minutes, Dr. Twitchell was obliged to compress an address of one half hour, and the abstract here given suggests only the leading thoughts and furnishes but a hint of what would have been said had time allowed.—*Editor*.



*Mr. Toastmaster and Alumni of Gould's Academy:—*

Could we be assured that when our arms become tired, our feet weary, and the last words have been spoken, those we have known would gather and sincerely say, "He was my friend," we would all be satisfied, for no higher tribute could be desired.

Looking into your faces, with the flood-gates of memory wide open, I feel sure that I voice your feelings, when, in speaking of Nathaniel T. True, I declare that he was, in the largest sense, the friend of his pupils and neighbors.

How clearly that nervous body rises before me, as I speak his name, always ready to assist and serve, never tiring of public or private duties, seeking ever the best good of his town and all with whom he came in contact. I do not remember much that he taught, but in all these years I have been conscious of his wise counsels and kindly sympathy. We would not rate him a great man, a powerful logician, a profound instructor, but on the higher levels, where loyalty to right, adherence to duty, sincerity of purpose and faith in the certainty of justice are demanded, he was truly great.

You cannot fathom the depths of patriotism enkindled by him as he drilled the Zouaves on the Common in 1860. How his students and neighbors responded to the first calls for troops by President Lincoln, and grandly proved their devotion on gory battlefields!

Go through the long list of young men and women who went out from Gould's Academy during the years when he was leading into the limitless fields of research, and the number who have failed of true success is small.

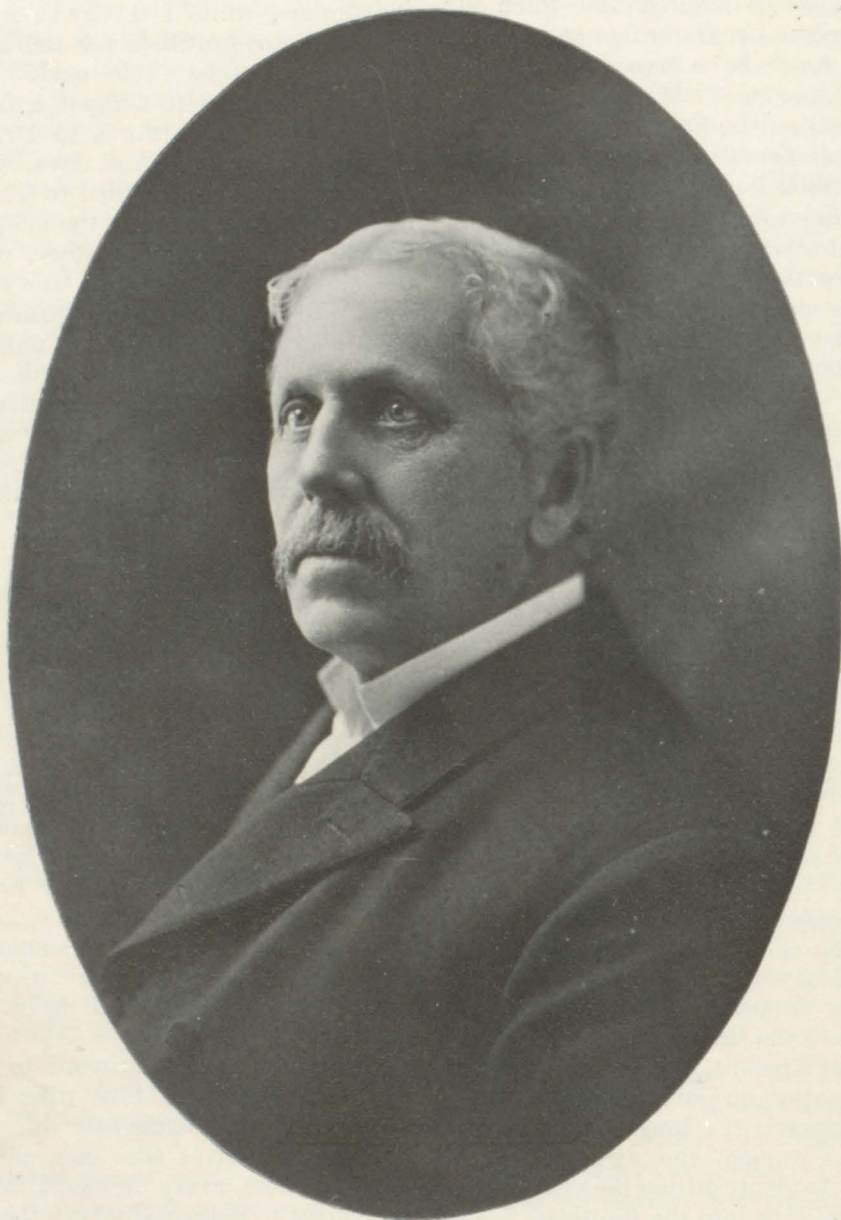
Old students and friends, we know that our lives have been fashioned by

the personality of a few individuals, rather than from any special lessons which they inculcated. I must crave indulgence, while I testify to my own deep sense of gratitude for the helpful influence of this noble man. From early boyhood, left without a father's care and guidance, it was to Dr. True I turned, and in the dark days, when a widowed mother struggled to keep the home unbroken, he was the one, who, perhaps more than any other, proved the all-powerful worth of true friendship. In the choice of my profession, his kindly interest guided my untrained mind and helped to balance my decision. So today, out of the deep consciousness of my own heart, I would bear willing testimony to the service rendered by one who was first a friend, and then an instructor.

In 1861, his message to the boys around him was to go forward and do their duty. Could he speak today, in the light of the marvelous achievements of the twentieth Century, conscious of what has come and is coming, to those just ready for life's battle, can you question the message? Conditions have changed, but men who live in the future, as he did, stand always ready to seize opportunity and insist upon action. Then, the standards of education were to know a little of almost everything; today, to know all that is possible of something. Then the aim was to make men cultured, now it must be to make them efficient.

If he were here, his word to you, pupils of today, would be what it was to us years ago: "Do the best you can.— Make of yourselves true men and women. Utilize every moment for improvement. Believe firmly in the eternal virtues, and hold faith with mankind. Never shrink from duty. Go forward."

This, my friends, is the message he



DR. GEORGE M. TWITCHELL.



gave us in the days long gone. This, Mr. Principal, is the message we leave with you.

A great future is opening up before us, and the pupil of today has opportunities unknown to us who passed out of the Academy in the early sixties, with Dr. True. That future has not been opened in a day, nor developed in a night. It is the outcome of the sacrifice and struggle of those, who, like him, rest from their labors. We may be the creatures of our own environment, but environment represents, at its best, the concentrated influence of many lives. Bethel is making long strides in civic improvement, but a few of us remember how earnestly Dr. True labored to beautify and improve the town during his life.

He lived to see the great evil of human slavery abolished, but the undaunted fire of his conviction, that this was the giant evil of his day, never abated, even though devotion to principle led to great pecuniary loss.

In his mental composition there was no place for dark pessimism. He believed in men and in their power and readiness to do. He believed in the boys and girls who came under his guidance and instruction, and never lost faith in them, while memory remained. He believed in the substantial virtues of life, the same today as forty years ago; what he questioned was the fear of the doubter or the cry of the discontented.

Such a life, positive, straight-forward, clean, manly and honorable, necessarily left an indelible impression upon his pupils, and no one today can measure its full influence. Go out into the world and find the young men and women, who went out from Gould's Academy during the years when he was its head, and you will find them in large numbers, occupying positions of honor

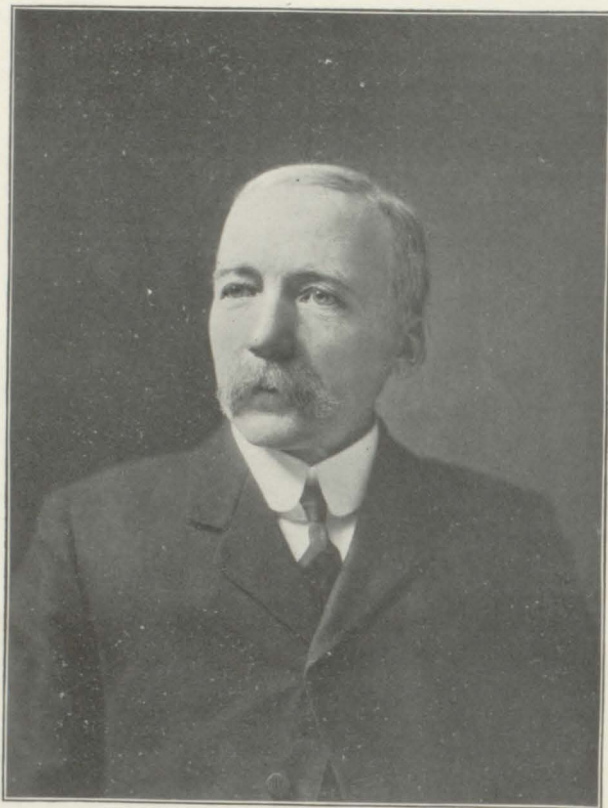
and responsibility. Talk with them when and where you will, and they will tell you, that in some way the manly character and strong personality of Dr. True have influenced them far more than day by day they have realized.

It is well to honor his memory at this time, in the presence of his family, and recall, in this fragmentary manner, our obligations to him and our regard for his memory. It is well to testify in this simple manner, our remembrance of him who was our teacher, when close friendships were being formed, and to hang upon the walls of Gould's Academy his portrait. Could the trees around that building speak, they would join with us in this testimonial, for his hand planted and watered many which now afford grateful shade, and make the spot one of beauty, an ornament to the village.

We, who represent his pupils, place this portrait in your care, Mr. President, and ask that you guard it well, as testifying in slight degree our appreciation of a memory we would cherish, and you, Mr. Principal, tell your pupils, that what we honor today, is not alone the Principal of Gould's Academy, when we were pupils, but the true-heartedness of the man, his unswerving loyalty to duty, and his devotion to those under his care. The remembrance of these noble traits of manhood touch a responsive chord in our hearts, and we unite in bearing testimony to loving remembrance of a man who was our friend and instructor. Teach them, I beg of you, even though the classics be neglected, that these are the enduring elements of character, and holding fast to this high standard, the years will surely bring ample reward, and old age will be rich in pleasant memories and in the certainty of conscious, self-poised, well-developed manhood and womanhood.

Having this portrait of our friend upon the walls of our new Academy, as pupils come to you, point to it, and tell them that there is one who had faith in man and believed in justice, who was the friend and companion of his pupils, and who never placed limits before the aspiring boy or girl.

Into Gould's Academy he wrought the best of his life, and in the larger fields of service now open, let his spirit of charity and helpfulness mingle with yours of devotion and aspiration, until you are able to touch and enkindle the fires of ambition in the hearts of every one who shall enter within those walls.



HON. A. E. HERRICK.

### Speech of Acceptance.

BY HON. A. E. HERRICK.

*Alumni of Gould's Academy and Friends:—*

It is with a deep feeling of gratitude and appreciation that I, speaking for and in behalf of the Trustees of Gould's Academy, accept the portrait of Dr.

True. We appreciate it because of its truth as a representation of the man, as he was, and as we saw him. We appreciate it because it is the interpretation, upon canvas, of a character and purpose which were best known to the artist through family associations. We appreciate it because from the place we shall give it upon the wall of our Acade-



my, it will inspire our instructors with a right estimate of the true value of the teacher,—a teacher whose heart is full of the love of teaching. But most of all, we appreciate it because it is the offering of the remainder of that loyal band, that sat under the instruction of Dr. True, and were ever his friends, whose gratitude for what he did for them, increased with their years and who, since his death, have remained true to his memory.

No school can be judged apart from its alumni, and it is the verdict of time that fixes the true worth of a teacher. Dr. True's title is safe. Time has confirmed it.

This offering, today, springs from cherished memories, and is but an expression of a feeling held by all his former students. It is this that makes the gift dear to us. We know that a school shares the fame of the teacher, Love for the teacher begets loyalty to the Alma Mater. Dr. True, more than any other one man, gave character and standing to Gould's Academy, and he did it when the institution was young and had its reputation to make.

In these days of hurry and push, of greed and graft, it is good for us to ponder the simple life of this man. He did not strive for riches for himself, but was content with enriching the minds and helping to form the characters of others. Bethel has had sons who have attained distinction in almost every field of effort, but Dr. True, by his sublime faith in his mission as a teacher, has left a mark upon this community which time cannot obliterate. He lived the "Simple Life," but his work is "more enduring than brass," and will expand with the growing years. Remembering these things, the Trustees of Gould's Academy again thank you.

## The Legacy of a Memory.

RESPONSE BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

*Mr. President; and—My Friends:—*

When I was notified by the authorities that rule our urns of tea and toast this day, that I should be expected to respond to a toast, they kindly left to me the choice of subject. I was instantly and irresistibly reminded of the Feejee who so amiably submitted his favorite receipt to his tame missionary before converting him—into good Feejee. But I chose the one just heard.

I did so because well I knew that the gracious thought which led to my selection was due not to mine own accomplishment, but to the fact that the memorial which you are raising to my father's name is broad enough to cover me, his son. And for the thought—I thank you.

Yet would I have you remember that I am but a younger son, and in your after criticism be merciful. There are other and older children to whom God has granted the happiness of being of more worth to the dear old town of our father than he saw fit to grant to me. But he did not deny the will.

One of my earliest characteristic recollections of my father is ever connected with the old red horse, Jenny; the horse which so many of you once used to see making her way homeward alone from the station with a big card tied to her headstall. Some of you perchance kindly freshened her way somewhat in those bygone days, when she paused halfway to admire the scenery or for maiden meditation. But I recall one day taking a leisurely, jogging journey behind her with my father to a little school far in the outskirts of the town. A hot, summer day—I seem even now to hear the sleepy, lazy creak of the whiffletree, the call of the locust high in air, and smell the scent of pines!

Then came to our eyes the scared face of the little girl teaching her first term of school, as she met us at her school-house door.

We went in. You know the style of school, you older girls and boys! And to this day do I remember the gentle way in which he led her away from her own fears, to forget herself and her surroundings, but not to forget one thing—her duty. And when he came away he left behind him an inspiration for well-doing, the influence of which may still be throbbing somewhere yet.

But I recall another scene, one flash of the moment, which had results all through my own after life.

Out in the barn half-a-dozen workmen were tugging at a rope, as many of us as could lay on hands. As a boy of course my place was minor. Boylike, I thought it should be bettered, and cried for a better hold. Then through the great room rang my father's voice among the rafters—"Never mind, if you can lift but a pound, lift it!"

Every man there felt the spur; and that weight flew skyward!

Many a time in after life, in business, public or private, that call of my father has rung in my ears, when natural inclination was against it. Many a pound—in troy-pound lots perhaps—it has made me lift against my secret will. Because of it I am lifting my pound to-day; and as a part of it I hand the command on to *you* to guard and cherish, as a word in season from one you loved and honored.

"If you can lift but a pound—lift it!"

My friends—perhaps some of you expected a word of myself, my life, my successes, to justify my being as the son of my father. But my life you know, my successes also, such as they are—or, many of you. They are hardly pound lifts to the world at large. I can say they are honest work. I can

say at least they have not dishonored the father. But if I may for once quote from my own books, I must say of them and of their influence—

"Needless are women's tools. The son of a Jarl needs a larger measure, else will men say—'Good as a dagger, but short for a sword.'"

\* \* \*

And so—I prefer instead to revert to my father's command, and to remind you how, in that second of time, unconsciously he struck the keynote of his character and life as a man and citizen. And in time of need may to each one of you come the memory of that Saxon trumpet-call—"If you can lift but a pound—lift it!"

### Remarks.

BY ALGERNON S. CHAPMAN.

*Mr. Chairman, the Alumni of Gould's Academy and Friends:—*

It gives me great pleasure to see so many old familiar faces, men and women who attended school here in Bethel in the days gone by. I love to look into your faces and tell you how glad I am that by your generous response to our invitation, you have made it possible for your committee to present here to-day this beautiful likeness of our beloved teacher, Dr. Nathaniel True, a teacher we shall always remember with much love and great respect. Dr. True, from the time he came to live and teach in Bethel, was ever on the lookout to do or say something for the good of Bethel and Gould's Academy, was ever ready to speak, write or work for the town of his adoption and the school that he loved. Dr. True was the first man to think of building a sidewalk from his home to the Androscoggin river, and it was



built by himself and the scholars of the school he taught. When we think of the good work he did for those who attended school and were taught by him, of the men and women who went out from Gould's Academy and have taken their places among the great and good of this State and Nation—in fact there is hardly a place that has not been filled by scholars from Gould's Academy—when we think of the many successful business men, the doctors, lawyers, judges, members of almost every worthy profession, clergymen and teachers who have gone out from this institution, we should feel proud and thankful that we are members of the alumni of Gould's Academy, and that we were taught by so worthy a man and so efficient a teacher as Dr. Nathaniel T. True.

### Our Benefactors.

"Surely we will rise up and call them blessed."

*Response by Prin. Frank E. Hanscom.*

*Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

Whenever I am called upon on an occasion of this kind, I feel very much as did an old darkey down in Kentucky, who had lost four wives. After the death of the fourth, his minister called on him and asked him how he felt, to which the old darkey replied, "Brother Johnson, I feel like I was in the hands of an all wise but unscrupulous Providence."

But I have been asked to tell something of our benefactors. At first thought this would seem an easy task; but to speak of one's benefactors means to speak of one's gratitude, and it is not always easy to express gratitude, especially the gratitude of an institution.

If one were to speak of all Gould's benefactors, it would be necessary to go

back to the founding of the school, and recall those loyal trustees, who, during all the intervening years, have given freely of their wisdom and administrative ability, as well as substantial financial assistance in promoting the welfare of the institution. We must enumerate those faithful teachers, who, in the years long gone, labored patiently and persistently to disseminate knowledge and build up character within its walls. Preeminent among these, not only in the length of his term of service, but in his ability to inspire his pupils with a desire to *do* something and to *be* something of value in the world, stands out the figure of that teacher of teachers, whose memory we are all happy to honor today,—Dr. Nathaniel T. True.

We must speak also of that man who gave the only permanent endowment the school has ever had, and whose honored name the institution now bears. All these are benefactors in the best and broadest sense. But I have the impression, that it was the intention for me to speak of the present, rather than the remote past, or at least to confine myself more particularly to the present administration.

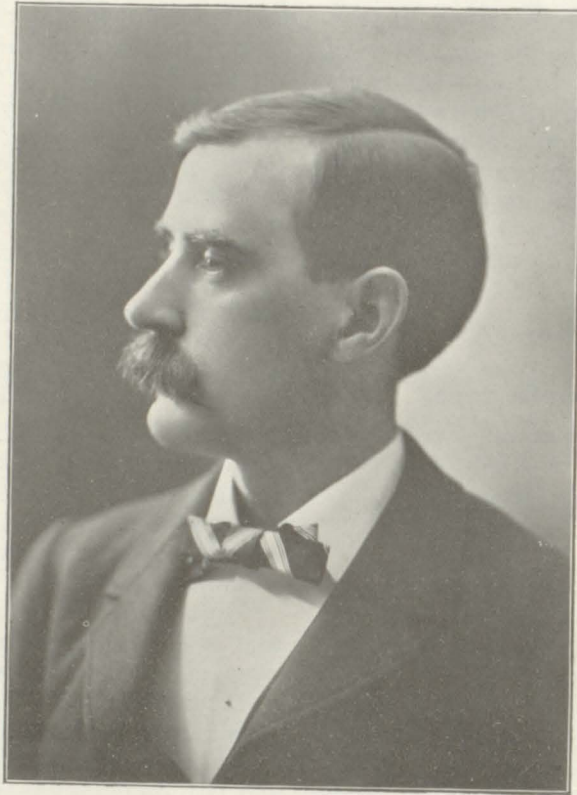
Most of us who are present recall that bright August day five years ago, when nearly one thousand of the friends and former students of old Gould's gathered from near and far to revive old memories, renew old associations, and pay their tribute of respect to their Alma Mater.

We recall the enthusiastic appeal which our own good Capt. Grover,—whose presence we all rejoice in today—made to the filial love and loyalty of those present; we recall his splendid example of generosity, which was quickly followed by stalwart trustees, and by those loyal sons and daughters, who, during all their years of absence from Gould's Academy, still retained in mem-

ory the lessons of love and loyalty taught them at her knee.

Some of us recall, too, the prayer of thanksgiving that welled up in our hearts, as we realized that a new lease of life had been granted to the old school; and as we looked out over that assemblage, even the most pessimistic could but feel that with such a consti-

tuency the future of Gould's Academy was safe, and that she would never come to want in her old age. I believe every one who contributed to Gould's Emergency Fund at that time, and especially those who, by their efforts and example, made that fund possible, deserves an honored place among the benefactors of Gould's Academy.



PRIN. F. E. HANSCOM.

Mention should be made, also, of one, who,—a student of books himself—has, during the past two years, done valuable service to the institution by adding more than one hundred choice books to the Reference Library. I refer to Melville C. Day, of New York City.

And last, but by no means least, should we do honor to that loyal son of

the institution, who, by the gift of a Principal's Home, has linked his name with Gould's Academy for all time, who, in this act, has reared a monument to his own love for the school, and paid a lasting tribute to the inspiring genius of his old Preceptor, Dr. True, who has made it possible that, in future years, your Principal shall be installed



in a home worthy of the character and dignity of the institution over which he presides.

All of us who love Gould's Academy, whose hearts are touched by every act tending to promote her future welfare, have a very warm corner in our hearts for the giver of this gift, Liberty E. Holden of Cleveland, and I believe we share to some extent the feeling of a certain young lady way back in Mr. Holden's school-days at Gould's, who, it is said, learned, and recited in a very dramatic manner those stirring lines from Patrick Henry, which end with magnificent climax, "Give me liberty or give me death."

### Reminiscences.

BY ALBERT L. BURBANK.

#### *Mr. President and Friends:*

It is a pleasure to meet with you to-day, and I should be recreant to my sense of duty, not to return thanks to the Trustees for their courtesy in continuing me as a member, during thirty years absence from Bethel.

While cheerfully endorsing what has been said in regard to Dr. True, my thoughts have been running back to the original Trustees in my boyhood days. I well remember when the High School was held in the hall of my father's hotel, where Mr. E. C. Rowe's store now stands; and it is a pleasure to-day to remember that he was a generous contributor towards the erection of the first Academy building, and continued a member of the Trustees till his death, in 1860, when I succeeded him. Maj. G. A. Hastings succeeded his father about one year previous—so the Major and myself are the only representatives of the original Trustees.—They were men of sterling worth. Rev. Charles Frost, Hon. William Frye, Barbour

Bartlett, Esq., Jedediah Burbank Esq., Hon. Moses Mason, John Hastings, Hon. Robert A. Chapman, Dr. John Grover, and Gilman Chapman, Esq. were among the more prominent ones. Seven of their sons received a college education.

Rev. Charles Frost, the only college graduate of the board, by his long pastorate in the Congregational Church, and his interest in the district schools, as well as the Academy, exerted a wide influence in the town. Esq. Frye was a typical old school gentleman, rather small of stature, one that would attract attention by his dignified manner, attached to his home, always ready to welcome the young people to his home, where there were a great number of boys and girls, not so frequently seen among the Trustees of later days. Esq. Bartlett was a dignified, courteous gentleman. I can well recall his appearance, with his high neck stock, standing collar and tall beaver, so frequently seen at that time; he sent two sons to Bowdoin. Hon. Moses Mason, a physician for several years, member of Congress for two terms, and President of Trustees for many years, was a prominent man in town and well known in the State. When he appeared on any public occasion with his blue coat, bright buttons and gold headed cane, with his fund of anecdotes he was sure to amuse his hearers. John Hastings was quite a large gentleman, full of life, a good story teller, and a favorite with all the young people. He sent one son to Bowdoin, taught in the Academy, and became a lawyer of note in the State. Hon. Robert A. Chapman was a tall, erect gentleman, dressing in exact neatness, a public spirited, successful merchant; he sent one son to Bowdoin, who graduated with honor, served as Mayor of Portland for three years, and whose early death was mourned by all. Gil-

man Chapman, Esq., was a good friend of the school and for many years President of the Trustees. Perhaps Dr. John Grover took a more active interest in the school than any other. While not a college graduate, he was a student, well versed in mathematics as well as Greek; he sent two sons to Bowdoin, both of whom taught in the Academy. A third son entered college, but was obliged to leave on account of ill health, went west, was a representative to Congress, later Governor as well as U. S. Senator from Oregon.

A few years since while riding in the street cars of Portland, by the side of a prominent citizen, who has served as Mayor for several terms, he remarked that he recently visited a pleasant village and addressed the most cultivated audience it was ever his pleasure to meet. This was said without his knowing that he was talking with a Bethel boy. Of course I inquired where it was, when he replied, "Bethel, where I was most hospitably entertained and was delighted with the cultured people I met." I replied, that was made possible by the public spirited residents of the town, who early erected and maintained an Academy of note, which, in connection with the church of God, has been such a blessing to the community.

### Remarks by Capt. R. B. Grover.

*My Dear Schoolmates and Friends:—*

It affords me sincere pleasure to meet you all here to-day. It is a pleasure to which every year I have eagerly looked forward.

A delightful feature of this occasion is the presentation of the portrait of our dear old teacher, Dr. True, by one of our Bethel boys. This Bethel boy, George Twitchell, I have seen but once since I came home from the war, and I hail him with joy. We were school

companions, attending together Gould's Academy. Many of our dear boys from Bethel lost their lives in the war, and we remember them tenderly.

I never shall forget the good times I enjoyed in Bethel in my boyhood days, when I attended school at Gould's Academy. When I was written to about the portrait, I was only too glad to respond and help. I think the portrait is fine. It looks just as Dr. True looked when, with us boys, he was in rather a serious mood. The good man lives in our memory highly honored, and we rejoice that his daughters make Bethel their home, active in good work and beloved by all.

Bethel is to me a very dear spot. Many are the hours that I have played ball on Bethel Common. The Bethel people I have ever kept freshly in mind, and am always glad to come back and see them. In the cemetery under the hill lie the bodies of my dear father and mother. Very tender is my feeling for the dear old town, a place that I always love to revisit.

### Letters of Regret.

Below are a few of the many letters of regret received by the Committee.

The following from La Fayette Grover, Ex-Governor and former U. S. Senator from Oregon.

PORTLAND, ORE., MAY 25, 1905.  
707 Irving St.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,  
Member of Committee for Banquet,  
Bethel, Me.

*Dear Madam:—*

I regret very much that I will be unable to be present at the Banquet and Reunion of the Alumni Association of Gould's Academy to be held on the ninth day of June, and especially to



join in the presentation of the portrait of the late Dr. True as a memorial of him. His devoted and vigorous life in the interest of education is still bright in my memory, though it was seventy years ago when I first became one of his pupils in the Bethel High School, before the day of Gould's Academy.

Hoping the occasion will be noted and enjoyable, I am,

Yours very truly,  
LA FAYETTE GROVER.

The following from Prof. Henry L. Chapman of Bowdoin College.

BRUNSWICK, ME., MAY 26, 1905.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,  
Committee.

*My dear Mrs. Kilborn:—*

I regret extremely that it is not possible for me to be present at the Reunion of the Alumni of Gould's Academy, and to participate in the interesting exercises connected with the presentation of Dr. True's portrait to the Academy. I can hardly call myself an Alumnus of the Academy, but I was for three or four years in my boyhood a pupil of Dr. True, and I have only the most grateful and reverent memory of him. Even as a boy, more interested in other things than in study, I could not fail to feel the stimulating and inspiring influence of his enthusiasm, and the clearness and thoroughness of his teaching. And I was particularly impressed by his patience, which, as I recognize more fully now than I did then, is the crowning grace of a teacher, as well as the surest means of making his teaching effective. I was accustomed to hearing him spoken of in my family with the deepest respect and regard, and I easily came to have the same feelings for him when I came under his personal influence, and knew

him in the school-room. So great was my father's regard for him that he took me out of the public schools and sent me to the Academy before I was really fit for that dignity, in order that I might be under Dr. True's care, and have the benefit of his instruction.

It was my good fortune to know Dr. True in later years from another point of view, and I knew and admired his scholarly temper, his gracious spirit, his loyalty to his friends and to his town, his devotion to duty, and his unfaltering Christian faith. His former pupils honor themselves in doing honor to him, and to his memory; and his portrait on its walls will give a new consecration to the Academy which he loved and served so faithfully.

Most truly yours,  
HENRY L. CHAPMAN.

The following from Judge Henry C. Peabody.

ALFRED, ME., MAY 27, 1905.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,  
Bethel, Me.

*Dear Madam:—*

Your kind letter of invitation, in behalf of the Banquet Committee for the Reunion of the Alumni Association of Gould's Academy, was forwarded to me here.

I regret that I cannot attend the Reunion on June 9, of this year, as I shall be obliged to be in attendance at the Law Court, in Bangor, on that date. Although occasions of this kind are sad as recalling valued friends whom we can meet no more, I should regard it as a pleasure and a privilege to speak briefly of the estimate in which I held Dr. True, and of my remembrances of Gould's Academy in years long gone by.

My brother, Daniel Webster Peabody, and myself attended two terms,

I think the last held in the old Academy, perhaps in 1851, and the first held in the remodeled building the following year. I recall, with clear and affectionate remembrance, the school-mates of those days, many somewhat older than myself and a few being of my own age. I was thirteen when, for the first time, I heard the Academy bell, which then impressed me as surpassing any of Poe's "Bells" in inspiring terror, and in size outclassing the Bell of Moscow. I was from the little White Mountain town of Gorham, N. H., and such sights and sounds were a part of my initiation into the great world.

The day preceding the commencement of the term I went, with my father and brother, to the home of Dr. True to be introduced. It was a dreaded ordeal, but I had posed for it, and had practiced a simulated impudence which I thought would be appropriate for a young man about to acquire an academic education. We found a man in the garden, who seemed to shut up both eyes when he looked at us. My father asked if he was Dr. True, and he said, "That is what I am called when I am dressed up." I forgot to be rude, and I loved the man ever after. I think I have been accustomed to imitate his walk, and when, two years later, I began to teach, I was accustomed to enthuse dull, and terrorize mischievous scholars with his peculiar yell. I was frequently at his house, and never left his presence without a consciousness that I had received liberal gifts of knowledge. I have never doubted that he ranked with the wisest and best of men. I am certain that, as a teacher, the sphere of this good man's influence was immeasurably wide, and its inspiration was pure and ennobling.

Very sincerely,  
HENRY C. PEABODY.

The following from Sidney I. Smith,  
Professor of Biology. Yale University.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., MAY 20, 1905.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,  
Bethel, Me.

*My dear Madam:—*

I regret that I am unable to accept your invitation to be present at the Gould's Academy reunion on June 9. Although I was at the Academy only one term, I remember with the keenest pleasure the school, the delightful town, and the dear old Doctor, and it would delight me much to be with you in celebrating his memory.

Very sincerely,  
SIDNEY I. SMITH.

The following from Hon. Liberty E. Holden, Editor and Proprietor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 25, 1905.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,  
Bethel, Me.

*Dear Madam:—*

I have yours of May the 14th, inviting me to be present at the annual banquet and re-union of the Alumni of Gould's Academy, this year the 9th of June.

I can hardly tell you how it pains me to send my regrets. I want to be with you. I want to help in bearing my testimony to the memory of Dr. True. If it should be so ordered that I may be able to leave here in time to be there on the 9th, I will wire you to that effect, but at present I do not see how I can get away. I am in good health, and never more anxious in my life to be present



at this occasion than I am to-day. I do not expect however, to be able to leave.

Very truly yours,  
L. E. HOLDEN.

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The following from Gen. Charles Hamlin, Bangor, Me.

BANGOR, MAY 20, 1905.

*Dear Mrs. Kilborn:—*

In answer to your kind invitation to attend Gould's Academy Reunion, June 9th, I regret to say that previous engagements will prevent me from participating in this pleasant occasion; otherwise I should be happy to be present with you and bear testimony to the very high estimate I have always entertained for the character and enthusiastic teaching which we enjoyed under the late Dr. True.

He was, indeed, one of my favorite teachers, and I regarded him as a good friend during his life.

With high regards, I am,

Yours very truly,  
CHAS. HAMLIN.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,

Member of Committee for Banquet.

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The following from Salome G. Twitchell, Haverhill, Mass.

HAVERHILL, MASS., JUNE 5, 1905.

119 Main St.

*Greeting:—*

To all those who gather together on June 9th, to honor the memory of him, who for so many years was the Princi-

pal of Gould's Academy in Bethel, Maine, the "beloved teacher," leader, guide and friend—Dr. True:

One prevented from being present, both by distance and disability, testifies most heartily to the good influence of the living example of the worthy man, whom to-day you "delight to honor."

It is fitting that the face of him whose best years of life were spent in the school-room, should be placed where it can look down upon the youth of to-day, sitting there for instruction.

May it be an inspiration to all, from day to day during the years to come.

So wishes one, who, "looking backward" somewhat more than half a century to school-life in dear old Bethel at Gould's Academy, still regards the memory of Dr. N. T. True, as teacher, leader, guide and friend.

Faithfully yours,

SALOME G. TWITCHELL.

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The following from Climena Grover Howard, Greeley, Colorado.

GREELEY, COLO., JUNE 4, 1905.

MRS. JOAN STEARNS KILBORN,

Committee for Gould's

Academy Reunion.

*My dear Mrs. Kilborn;—*

Your kind letter inviting me to attend the Reunion of the Alumni Association of Gould's Academy was received with great pleasure.

How delighted I would be to accept; but I must content myself with sending across the stretch of 2100 miles my most cordial greetings. I shall be pleased if there are present at this gathering any who may remember me

as a student at the Academy, while our beloved teacher, Nathaniel T. True, was the Principal.

Forty-eight years have wrought many and great changes in our ranks. These words I find written on the fly leaf of Boyd's Rhetoric in 1857, "Be good girls and learn all you can, Your Teacher, N. T. T." One of the girls was myself, and the other was my sister, Dolly A. Grover Donovan, who resides across the street from me in Greeley.

While admiring Dr. True's greatness and high attainments as a teacher, his love of humor, which was often shown in the midst of his work, proved to be a tie that bound his pupils to him.

I remember one morning at "Roll Call," the names seemed to weave themselves into a ludicrous sentence that brought the well known merry twinkle to his eyes, as he quickly ran over these names, White, Bean, McCusick, (White bean make you sick.)

In a letter from him in 1884, he writes, "I am now an old man, 73 next Mar. 15. Think of it! I am unable to teach, though your children cannot pronounce hymeneal, squalor, cerement, nor can they spell Gibraltar, nor aqueduct, nor liquefy."

In a previous letter he wrote, "I remember two sisters, daughters of Geo. Grover of West Bethel (The Flat where they had to tie the children to something solid to keep them from blowing away, I instinctively look at the trees when I go that way to see if some child is not up in a tree instead of at school.")

With many good wishes for the success of this Re-union and warmest regards for the old friends who may remember me and my sister, who joins in these greetings, I am,

Yours fraternally,

CLIMENA GROVER HOWARD.

### Alumni Personals.

The engagement of Miss Cora Farwell, '98, to Mr. Ralph Sherwood has been announced.

Robert C. Bisbee, '99, has been appointed head chemist for the Raceland Sugar Refinery, Raceland, Louisiana. Mr. Bisbee served as assistant chemist for the same company last year.

The marriage of Miss Ada Richardson, '04, to Mr. John L. Dyer, a former teacher at Gould's Academy, took place at the home of the bride in Hanover, Me., July 26, 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer now reside in Monson, Me., where Mr. Dyer is Principal of the Academy.

### CAPT. ROBBINS B. GROVER.

Robbins B. Grover, an honored and loyal son of Gould's Academy, was born in Bethel, July 24, 1841. His early life was spent in Bethel, where he obtained his education at the public schools and at Gould's Academy. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War, first as a private in Co. 8, 13th Me. Regt. of Volunteers, but was successively promoted to the offices of sergeant, 2nd lieutenant and 1st lieutenant. On Jan. 11, 1865, he was commissioned Captain, and transferred to the 13th Me. Regt. of Infantry. He received his discharge at Portland, Me., in Sept. 1866.

Capt. Grover was in the expedition to Texas under Gen. Dana, and assisted in the capture of the rebel garrison on Mustang Island, also that of Fort Esperanza. On Feb. 18, 1864, his regiment was joined to the forces of Gen. Franklin in Louisiana, and took part in the Red River campaign under Gen. Banks, with engagements at Forts Jackson and St. Phillips, at New Or-



leans, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson and Sabine Cross Roads, where the loss to the 13th Maine was severely felt. This latter battle was continued the next day at Pleasant Hill, and was followed by engagements at Cane River and Mansura Plains. On the 13th of July, 1864, after a march of more than one

13th Me. Regt., and at the time of the organization of the Sons of Veterans in Brockton, Mass., they adopted the name of Capt. R. B. Grover Camp, No. 17, of Brockton, Mass.

Capt. Grover married Miss Mary F., daughter of James Mears of Stoughton, Mass., and settled in Brockton, Mass.,



CAPT. R. B. GROVER.

thousand miles, this regiment arrived in Washington, D. C., took part in the repulse of Early's Raiders, marched up the Shenandoah valley, and before the end of the month, joined the Union forces at Monocacy Junction.

Since the close of the war, Capt. Grover has presided at the reunions of the

where he conducts a very extensive business as manufacturer of the celebrated Emerson shoe. He still takes a lively interest in his native town, where he has many warm friends. He has been a generous benefactor of Gould's Academy, and has been a trustee of the institution since 1900.

Mabel V. Shaw, '99, is a senior in Bates College.

Miss Lucie Morse, '03, is teaching at North Newry.

Miss Maude Russell, '02, is teaching at East Bethel.

Miss Carrie Wight, '02, is teaching at North Newry.

Edwin Gehring, '94, is practising medicine in Portland.

Miss Minnie Eagle, '05, is at the home of Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Bethel.

Frank Weed, '03, won the Sewall Latin prize in Bowdoin College last year.

Miss Addie Horr, '01, was recently married to Mr. Chesley Saunders of Hanover.

Mr. Jerome Holmes, '02, recently won a prize at Bates College for excellence in debate.

Charles H. Holmes, '00, was recently married to Miss Elizabeth Kimball of Lincoln, Maine.

Miss Angie Abbot, '02, has a position as stenographer in the Rumford Falls Times office.

Fenwicke L. Holmes, '02, a Senior at Colby College, has been elected editor of the Colby Oracle.

Mr. Paul Thurston, '05, who entered Bates last September, has been obliged to leave college on account of a severe attack of pneumonia.

Miss Maud Thurston, 1900, graduated from Bates College last June, and is now assistant teacher in the Mechanic Falls High School.

Ralph M. Bacon, '05, is at his home in Bryant's Pond.

Miss Serena George, '05, is teaching at Locke's Mills.

Ethel Farwell, '01, is teaching in Lancaster, N. H.

Miss Margaret Whidden is teaching the grammar school at Milan, N. H.

Henrietta Douglass, '01, is teaching in the grammar school at Mechanic Falls.

Miss Mollie Carter, '04, is attending the State Normal School in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Bessie Stanley, '03, has a position in the office of the Victor Talking Machine Co., Portland.

Mr. Charles B. Erskine, who taught mathematics last year in the Academy, is now Principal of the High School at Palermo, Me.

Miss A. Mabel Richardson, Preceptress of Gould's Academy in 1903, was married August 8, to Mr. Roy A. Kane of Springfield, Mass. The HERALD extends congratulations and best wishes.



#### My Creed.

Better a smile than a tear or a sigh,  
Better a laugh than a frown,  
Better an upward look to the sky  
Than always a sad look down.

The joys we find in each little day  
Perhaps may seem few and small,  
But better these little joys, I say,  
Than to have no joys at all.

Keep faith in the love that blesses men  
As the sunshine does the sod.  
Let us do our best and trust the rest  
To the father heart of God.

—Eben E. Rexford.





## QUOTATIONS APPLIED.

"As one lamp lights another nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

Mr. Hanscom.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face as one who reads  
A true and holy book."

Miss Carver.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes."

Miss Foss.

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning."

Mr. Stilson.

"The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle."

John Carter.

"Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion."

Physics Class.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light."

Marion Dyer.

"It was only a glad 'Good morning,'  
As she passed along the way;  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the livelong day."

Mabel Abbott.

"Yet mark their mirth."

Senior Girls.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky."

Eva Farwell.

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."  
Perley Speed.

"Think twice before you speak, and then talk to yourself."

Charles Forbes.

"We make up in quality what we lack in quantity."

German Class.

"The Smith, a mighty man was he."

Everett Smith.

"A tripping, fair, light-hearted girl,  
Not yet the ripened woman quite."

Mildred Hapgood.

"Slight in form, and young in years."

Harry Coolidge.

"Fair she was as fair might be,  
Like the roses on the tree."

Elsie Davis.

"Mark my words, sir. That's a man of resource;  
that's a man to make his way in life."

Ernest Holmes.

"She dwelt forever in a region bright,  
Peopled with living fancies of her own."

Alice Powers.

"Who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing."

Margaret Forbes.

"Little lines of Latin,  
Little grains of scan,  
Make a mighty Virgil  
And a crazy man."

Virgil Class.

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was,  
And yet he seemed much busier than he was."

Harold Young.

"His eyes twinkled in his head aright  
As do the stars on a frosty night."

Forrest Keene.

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Shirley Russell.

"A presence that disturbs me with a joy  
Of elevated thoughts."

Grace Kendall.

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,  
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring  
To revel in the roses."

Lillian Buck.

"Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?"

Rita Twitchell.

"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end."

Susan King.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face."

Myra Forbes.

"Eyes with a glow like that in the brown beech  
when sunshine through its autumn beauty shines."

Agnes Hutchins.

"He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn."

Eugene Flint.

"Her life is like a sweet wild rose,  
One perfect bloom."

Beulah Bartlett.

"Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one."

Senior Literature Class.

"Vigor, vim,  
Perfect trim,  
Force has made him  
Sunny Jim."

Wallace Farwell.

"Perhaps he'll grow."

Robert Thurston.

"When they are wanted,  
They can seldom be found;  
But when they are not,  
They are always around."

Freshmen.

"Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so  
useful as common sense."

Asa Smith.

"I know a funny little man, as quiet as a mouse."

Robert Chase.

"Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?"

Charles Deegan.

"My Nellie's face was sweet and fair,  
Her smiles oft caught a dimple."

Nellie Coburn.

"A flaxen-haired creature."

Sadie Thompson.

"For every Jack there is somewhere a Jill,  
That can do with poor Jack about as she will."

Elton Keene.

"If nothing more than purpose is thy power,  
Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;  
Who does the best his circumstance allows  
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Fitzmaurice Vail.

"I dote on her very absence."

Ernest Bisbee.

"She reasoned without plodding long  
And never gave her judgment wrong."

Gertrude Cobb.

"Ordering one's self lowly and reverently towards  
one's betters is not to be a worshiper of graven  
images."

George King.

"Loveliness is a pleasant thing, when it doesn't  
lead to spending money."

Elton Coolidge.

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

Frank Robertson.



"Happy am I, from care I'm free.  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Jeanette Brett.

"When found, make a note of."

Ola Hutchins.

"Her face is like a sunbeam,  
A perpetual grin."

Emily Tuell.

"I am sober as a judge."

Florence Mercier.

"His hair, it growed, and growed, and growed,  
And at last *il faut* to have it mowed.  
It was raked and bunched, in haystacks throwed,  
And each of his friends will get a load."

Ralph Blake.

"In this world the fondest and best,  
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress-  
ed."

Mr. Hanscom (after Senior Algebra.)

"But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore with greater ease,  
And with its everlasting clack  
Set all men's ears upon the rack."

Philip Barker.

"And laughing eyes, and busy hands, and brown  
cheeks glimmering o'er."

Annis Pingree.

"Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."

Emma Burk.

"His hair is crisp and black and long,  
His face is like the tan."

Arnold Browne.

"I would not part with my looking-glass for  
worlds."

Mabel Gleason.

"His years are young, but his experience old,  
His head unmellowed, but in judgment ripe."

Harold Hanscom.

"An upright judge, a learned judge!"

Fred Hall.

"See! brother, see! how graciously  
She towers above thee."

Charles Mercier.

"I whistle and laugh and sing and shout."

G. Deane Pingree.

"I frankly own, I like her well."

Sylvanus Browne.

"Unto the ground she cast her modest eye."

Maidie Haselton.

"An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her voice and tone."

Gladys Morrill.

"Sweetly smiling is not sinning."

Hattie Morrill.

"Surely solitude is sweetest when there is one to  
whom to say 'How sweet is solitude!'"

Neda Richardson.

"Little hands with restless motion  
Fluttering about my cheek;  
Little feet with swift commotion  
Rushing some new joy to seek;  
Bringing tidings fearlessly,  
Never doubting sympathy."

Bertha Thurston.

"O very beautiful are little girls,  
And goodly to the sight!"

Natalie Barker.

"'Tis work, work, work, he muttered."

Philip Chapman.

"Such a light and airy tread!"

Verna Kilgore.

"Better late than never."

Francena Wentworth.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it."

Mildred Dyer.

"And bless the while the bright-eyed girl,"

Anna Deegan.



CHURCH STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM PRINCIPAL'S HOME.

## Commencement.

### BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The very helpful and inspiring sermon, delivered by George C. Chase, D. D., President of Bates College, in the Congregational church, Sunday, June 4th, was the first of the commencement week exercises, and was listened to by a very large congregation, composed of the friends and alumni of the school.

The school marched to the church in a body, led by the teachers. The church was tastefully decorated with the class colors, which hung in graceful festoons about the organ and over the front part of the church. Flowers, evergreens and ferns completed the decorations and added much to the general effect. Special music had been prepared for the occasion, which added much to the enjoyment of the service.

### LAST CHAPEL.

On the following Tuesday morning, the Last Chapel was observed in the assembly room. Prayer by Rev. Chas. N. Gleason, a brief address to the class by Prof. Hanscom, selections by the Girls' Chorus, and the favorite songs of the class sung by the whole school, constituted the programme. This exercise was a new feature in the Commencement week programme, but it was much appreciated by all, and will undoubtedly be regularly observed in the future.

### CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

On Thursday afternoon Odeon Hall was crowded with the friends of the graduates and the school. The hall was elaborately decorated with the class colors, pink and white, while the class motto "*Labor omnia vincit*," occupied a conspicuous place above the stage. The undergraduates had also arranged decorations of the different class colors, which formed settings for the various class banners.

The trustees of the Academy, the pastors of the local churches and the teachers occupied the seats of honor upon the stage.

With Miss Elsie Hall at the piano, the school was marshalled into the hall by John Carter, '06. The Juniors came first, bearing their banner of purple and white, followed by the Sophomores with their blue and white banner; next the Freshmen with their pink and green banner, and last of all the Seniors led by Paul Thurston, who carried a banner of pink and white. The long line was marshalled down one side of the hall and across the front to



the seats reserved for them on the left.

After the school was seated, the following program was carried out:

### PROGRAM.

MUSIC.

IVOCATION.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY—Individuality,

Paul Cleveland Thurston

CLASS HISTORY,

Minnie Maria Eagle

MUSIC.

CLASS ORATION—*Labor Omnia Vincit*,

Ralph Montrose Bacon

CLASS PROFEY,

Maud Esther Goud

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS,

Serena Mae George

THE SAINT OF FRANCE—Valedictory Address,

Frankie Lyle Blanchard

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS.

SINGING CLASS ODE.

BENEDICTION.

### CLASS ODE.

AIR—"Blue Bell."

—

MAUD ESTHER GOUD.

—

The time has come for parting,  
Dear Gould's, we say good-bye,  
As on life's journey starting,  
We shall for school-days sigh.  
May we throughout life treasure  
Lessons that have been taught  
By teachers, who, with pleasure,  
For our good have daily wrought.

### CHORUS:

Good-bye, dear school-days,  
Farwell to you,  
Farewell to school-mates and to class-mates true.  
'Mid life's great struggles,  
As on we strive,  
We'll e'er be faithful to dear 1905.

Four years of study ended,  
Within dear Gould's loved walls,  
Where we have e'er intended  
To heed all duties' calls.  
When amid stern endeavor  
Lessons of life we learn,  
With grateful hearts forever,  
To thee, dear Gould's, we'll turn,

### CHORUS:

### COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On the evening of the graduation exercises, the annual concert was given. This year entertainment was provided by the Schubert Concert Company of Portland, composed of Miss Eleanor MacGregor, pianist; Miss Florence Cutler, reader; Miss Florence Chipman, violinist; Miss Martha Hawes and Mr. Fred Kennedy, vocalists. They presented a very pleasing program and every number was fully enjoyed by all present.

### ALUMNI BANQUET.

Friday afternoon at one o'clock, occurred the Alumni Banquet at Prospect Hotel. This has already been reported in detail elsewhere. It is to be regretted that the remarks of all the speakers could not be procured for publication. The reminiscences by L. T. Barker and A. W. Grover were of much interest to old students. The character story, "The Beloved Teacher," written by Lillian True Bryant, and read by Prof. Hanscom, was also a most interesting feature of the post prandial exercises.

## RECEPTION.

Friday evening found a happy company in Odeon Hall, the occasion being the reception given by the graduates to their friends and the friends of the school. In the receiving line stood Mrs. O. M. Mason, Prof. and Mrs. Hanscom, Mrs. I. H. Wight, the mothers of the graduates and the members of the class. Later in the evening, a short order of dances was enjoyed, both by those who participated and those looking on. It was truly a pleasant sight to see so many bright, happy young people, enjoying with their elders this pretty and healthful pastime. Refreshments were served throughout the evening from tables prettily arranged in the corners of the hall. With the exception of the class of '98, each class that has been graduated since Prof. Hanscom has been principal of the school was represented at this reception, and when at the evening's close, the members of the class of '04 got together, and, after a year of comparative silence, gave their old class yell, they did it with a vim and vigor that was good to hear. On this occasion, as at graduation, most excellent music was furnished by Payne and Plummer's Orchestra of Lewiston.

## CLASS RIDE.

On Saturday, June 10, the graduates, with two of the teachers and six other invited guests, enjoyed the class ride and picnic to Screw Auger Falls. The Prospect Hotel coach was chartered for the occasion and made a model means of conveyance. The graduates cast aside the dignity with which they had been invested for a whole year, and, putting aside all thoughts of the parting so close at hand, gave themselves wholly to the enjoyment of the hour. Thus ended one of the most successful graduation weeks in the history of Gould's Academy.



## SCHOOL NOTES.

Ernest Holmes and Harold Hanscom act as janitors this term.

Two half days were given the students to attend the Bethel Fair.

On the evening of September 13, the Senior Class gave a reception in honor of the new teachers and new students. Nearly all the students were present, and the evening was a social success. Mrs. F. E. Barton and Mrs. I. H. Wight acted as matrons.

Two new pictures were hung in the large recitation room during the summer vacation. One, "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence," was presented to the school by the class of '05. The other, a portrait of Dr. Nathaniel T. True, a former Principal of Gould's, was donated by the Alumni Association.

School opened September 5, with the following teachers: Frank E. Hanscom, A. M., Principal; Miss Ruby Carver, A. B., Preceptress; Miss Harriett Foss, A. B., Teacher of English and Elocution; Mr. Harold Stilson, Teacher of Sciences and Mathematics. While it was with deep regret, that the resignations of Miss Norton and Mr. Erskine were accepted, yet Miss Foss and Mr. Stilson, who fill their places, have proved themselves fully qualified to meet all requirements of their new positions and have already won many friends.



Mr. Stanwood Field, a former teacher of Gould's, now a teacher in Boston, made us a short call early in the term.

Miss Lyle Blanchard and Miss Serena George, both members of the class of '05, made the school a visit during Fair week.

The Senior Class express their deepest sympathy with Miss Gleason, in the loss of her Hinky Dinky and the five little Hinkies.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected:

President—John Carter, Jr.  
 Vice President—T. Fitzmaurice Vail.  
 Secretary—Philip Barker.  
 Treasurer—George King.  
 Auditor—Frank E. Hanscom.  
 Manager of Basket Ball Team—John Carter, Jr.

The following students entered the Academy at the opening of the fall term:

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Fannie Barker,     | Eugene Flint,       |
| Natalie Barker,    | Harold Hanscom,     |
| Ernest Bisbee,     | Arthur Herrick,     |
| Ralph Blake,       | Ernest Holmes,      |
| Arthur Browne,     | Agnes Hutchins,     |
| Arnol Browne,      | Susan King,         |
| Sylvanus Browne,   | Charles Mercier,    |
| Philip Chapman,    | Gladys Morrill,     |
| Nellie Coburn,     | Leppien Morse,      |
| Harry Coolidge,    | Annis Pingree,      |
| J. Elton Coolidge, | Frank Robertson,    |
| Eva Farwell,       | Everett Smith,      |
| Wallace Farwell,   | Perley Speed,       |
| Charles Forbes,    | Sadie Thompson,     |
| Margaret Forbes,   | Bertha Thurston,    |
| Myra Forbes,       | Robert Thurston,    |
|                    | Francena Wentworth. |

During the absence of Miss Carver, caused by the illness and death of her father, Hon. L. D. Carver of Augusta, Miss Lula Wormell, a senior of Bates, acted as substitute. Miss Wormell showed much tact and judgment in her position and won many friends while in Bethel.

A Goose Social was held in the Gymnasium Oct, 18. The young ladies gave the boys a few points by keeping things moving and by allowing none of the young men to pose as "wall flowers." The cheerful greetings of Mrs. Gleason and Mrs. Young, who chaperoned the party, added much to the evening's pleasure.

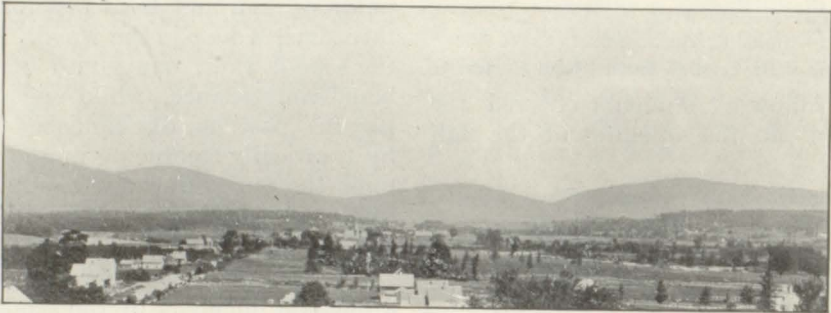
The most popular fad among some of the students is tumbling and rolling. One of the young ladies, who was in a great hurry, saved time one day by taking a flying leap down stairs. Still another, sad to say, a Senior, in bestowing a sweet smile upon some of her classmates behind her, produced a union of door and head that left a dent three inches deep in the wood. During the school walk, one youth of a very bland countenance, while engaged in a playful pastime, distinguished himself by frantically embracing mother-earth; upon the same afternoon another youth took a short roll down Mill Hill.

On Thursday, October 12, occurred a pleasant incident of the school year, and one that will be long remembered. Word had come from Portland that at the close of the Musical Festival, held there under the direction of our able Prof. Wm. R. Chapman, Madame Emma Eames and her artist-husband, Mr. Story, would pass through Bethel on the morning train. The weather was threatening, but the spirit of Gould's students is never daunted by unfavorable conditions, and as the train drew in, Gould's in a body, with cheers and banners welcomed the great singer to the home of the Maine Musical Festival. The glimpse of the prima donna was brief, but all felt repaid for the effort in the gracious smile of the Maine-born singer, and her evident appreciation of our hearty greeting.

## THE SCHOOL WALK.

Tuesday noon, October 24, it occurred to a few of the students that it would be just the right afternoon for a school walk. The idea immediately proved to be very popular, so a petition was drawn up and signed to present to Prin. Hanscom. Permission was given to go after recess; and when the time came, all were more than eager to start. When all had collected in front of the Academy, cheers were given by the girls and then by the boys. [The boys, it must be admitted, were rather slow in finding their voices, and as for volume! Well, they didn't wish to out-cheer the girls.] Then, all

mis-step on top of a lofty fence, and had it not been for a gallant knight, the maiden would have alighted on the earth all too quickly. No such entertainment was given this year, for, although the same nimble maiden was there, the knight, tried and true, was not. No one else could so rise to the occasion! About half an hour was now spent on the Hill. We sang and cheered and started to play the ever popular game, "Drop the Handkerchief." Rocks, however, proved to be too numerous to allow successful running. At 4:30 we started for home by way of a special train (?) on the railroad. Some, not content with the prescribed



VIEW FROM ACADEMY BELFREY.

were off for Pine Hill, and it was not long before most of the village knew that G. A. was out for a walk. As we went down Mill Hill, one gay Freshman performed the difficult feat of diving in a mud-puddle, which was, we suspect, not so much the result of gymnastic skill as overspeed. We now left the highway for the piney woods. This part of the journey was uneventful. However, when a fence to be climbed appeared in view, an appreciable increase in speed was noticed. Some one mentioned this fact, and we learned that last year the fence climbing was somewhat exciting. A Junior lassie, though nimble of foot, made a

walk, kept on to Sunset Ledge. Thus was added one more walk to the annals of G. A.



Mrs. F. E. Hanscom entertained the trustees and their wives together with the teachers of the Academy at an informal "at home," Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 7. The new home was open throughout for inspection, and many were the good wishes extended to Principal and Mrs. Hanscom. Dainty refreshments were served in the pretty dining-room. Mrs. Hanscom was assisted in receiving and in pouring chocolate by Mrs. I. H. Wight.



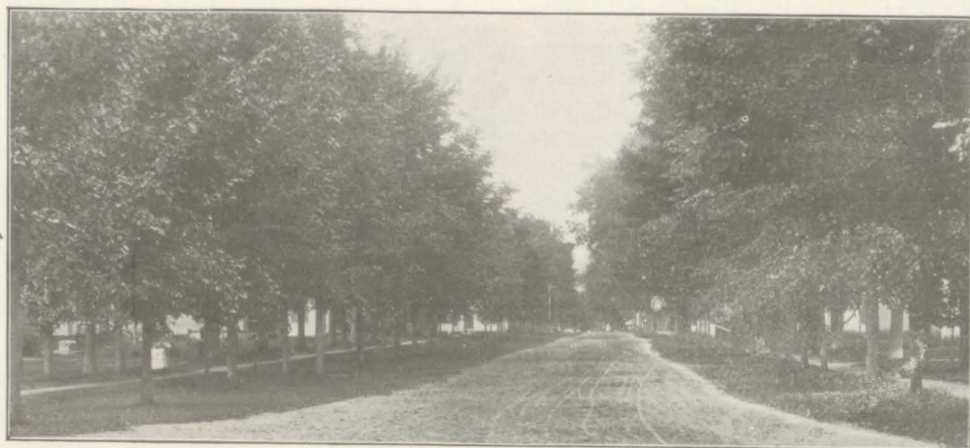
On Friday evening, November 3, a merry party of teachers and scholars started from the Academy in a hay-rack to attend the social at Mr. Joseph Holt's, Middle Intervale. The pleasant evening, enjoyed by all, was terminated by a jolly ride home, in the first snow storm of the year.

A most delightful climb up Mt. Farwell was enjoyed by a small company from "Old Gould's," one Saturday in October. Rev. Arthur Shirley, of Stratford, Conn., conducted the party, which consisted of Misses Carver, Foss, Gleason, Brett, Russell and Marion Dyer. It was a pleasant surprise to have our party re-enforced at the summit by Mr. Stilson and Mr. Brown, who had come up afterward by a different route. Distant lakes and villages and every ridge and hollow in the mountains were brought out with wonderful distinctness against a background of cloudless sky. There were no mishaps with the exception of a few(?) tumbles, slides and rents, and not one of the party would admit of the least fatigue the following day.

Debates are the order of the day, during the Senior Elocution period, as well as in some of the other Elocution classes. We have already had three very successful debates. The questions discussed were, Resolved: "That there should be but one session of school;" Resolved: "That books have more influence on us than the people with whom we associate;" and Resolved: "That we should have calisthenics every day, before the forenoon recess." The negative won in each case. Besides these, we one day had a short extemporaneous debate, the question being, Resolved: "That Monday is a better day for a holiday than Saturday." The affirmative won. The debates add greatly to the interest and benefit of the English work.

As a result of the Academy Fair of last year, and through the generosity of Melville C. Day of New York City, the following books have been added to the Academy Library since the last issue of the HERALD:

- Universal Cyclopedia, (10 volumes.)
- Encyclopedia Britannica, (10 volumes.)
- Library of Oratory—*Depew*, (15 volumes.)
- George Eliot's Works, (8 volumes.)
- Thackeray's Works, (8 volumes.)
- Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Americans,—*Elbert Hubbard*, (5 volumes.)
- Memories of a Hundred Years,—*Edw. Everett Hale*, (2 volumes.)
- Rise of the Dutch Republic, *Motley*,—(3 volumes.)
- History of Don Quixote, (3 volumes.)
- French Dictionaries, (3 copies.)
- History of Greece,—*Timayenis*, (2 volumes.)
- History of the U. S.,—*Adams*, (4 volumes.)
- The English Poets, (3 volumes.)
- Dictionary of American Authors,—*Adams*.
- Longfellow's Complete Works, (Cambridge Edition.)
- Whittier's Complete Works, (Cambridge Edition.)
- Scott's Poetical Works, (Cambridge Edition.)
- William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man,—*Mabie*.
- History of the English People,—*J. R. Green*.
- History of England,—*Ransome*.
- The World's Progress.—*Trumbull White*.
- The Old Masters and Their Pictures,—*Sarah Tyler*.
- Daniel Webster, the Orator,—*Wheeler*.
- Studies in Contemporary Biography,—*Bryce*.
- Literary Friends and Acquaintances,—*Howells*.
- Life of Florence Nightingale,—*Tooley*.
- Personalia,—*Sigma*.
- Problems of the Panama Canal,—*Abbott*.
- Liddell's History of Rome.
- Masterpieces of Greek Literature.
- Wayfarers in Italy,—*Katherine Hooker*.
- How to Know the Wild Flowers.—*Dana*.
- Bird Life.—*Chapman*.
- Great Pictures Described by Great Writers.
- Physical Geography.—*Davis*.
- Physical Geography,—*Gilbert*.
- Familiar Quotations,—*Bartlett*.



A PORTION OF BROAD STREET.

**Senior Class.****CLASS OFFICERS:**

President—John Carter, Jr.

Vice-President—Mabel Gleason.

Secretary and Treasurer—Marion Dyer.

Executive Committee: { Charles Forbes,  
Grace Kendall,  
Mabel Abbott.

Hi, hi!

We are Seniors! Really Seniors!!

Class Colors—Royal Purple and White.

Motto—Gradatim.

Chick-a-lacker, chick-a-lacker,

Bow-wow-wow.

Boom-a-lacker, boom-a-lacker,

Chow-chow-chow.

Boom-a-lacker, chick-a-lacker,

Ris, boom, rix,

We are the class of 1906.

The class is glad to welcome a new member, Mr. Charles Forbes.

"Have you got your 'were-gill'? I think it is awful funny."

"I have all the problems, except those about the clock."

"O ye Gods, ye Gods, must I endure all this?"

Seniors in Algebra.

Herman Pettengill, a former member of our class was recently united in marriage to Mary E. Marshall of Milan, N. H.

**Junior Class.****CLASS OFFICERS:**

President—T. Fitzmaurice Vail.

Vice-President—Verna Kilgore.

Secretary—Fred Hall.

Treasurer—Erva Bartlett.

Executive Committee: { Philip Barker,  
G. Dean Pingree,  
Fred Hall.

Class Colors—Blue and White.

"Have you the original?"

Miss Rena Eames and Miss Marjorie Philbrook, former members of our class, made us a call recently.

**Sophomore Class.****CLASS OFFICERS:**

President—George King.

Vice-President—Gertrude Cobb.

Secretary—Mildred Dyer.

Treasurer—Beulah Bartlett.

Executive Committee: { Mildred Hapgood,  
Emma Burk.  
Forrest Keene.

Class Colors—Pink and Green.

Miss Ola Hutchins attended the Maine Musical Festival in Portland.



**Freshman Class.****CLASS OFFICERS:**

President—Ernest Holmes.  
 Vice-President—Ernest Bisbee.  
 Secretary—Gladys Morrill.  
 Treasurer—Francena Wentworth.

Executive Committee: { Susan King,  
 Harold Hanscom,  
 Natalie Barker.

**Roll of Honor.**

The following students are entitled to have their names placed on the Roll of Honor, for excellence in deportment during the term closing Nov. 24, 1905.

**CLASS A.**

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Beulah Bartlett, | Charles Deegan,    |
| Erva Bartlett,   | Charles Forbes,    |
| Arthur Brown,    | Florence Haselton, |
| Gertrude Cobb,   | Maidie Haselton,   |
| Anna Deegan,     | Alice Powers.      |

**CLASS B.**

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Robert Chase,       | Leppien Morse, |
| Margaret Forbes,    | Everett Smith, |
| Francena Wentworth. |                |

**CLASS C.**

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Ernest Bisbee, | Verna Kilgore, |
| Eva Farwell,   | Annis Pingree, |
|                | Asa Smith.     |

**CLASS D.**

|                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Ralph Blake,    | Ernest Holmes, |
| Harry Coolidge, | Ola Hutchins,  |
| Myra Forbes,    | Grace Kendall, |
| Harold Hanscom, | Perley Speed,  |

The above Roll of Honor is for excellence in deportment alone, without regard to rank in scholarship. Those included in Class A were given a rank of excellent by all the teachers; Class B, by three teachers; Class C, by two teachers; Class D, by one teacher. The list will be revised and printed at the close of each term.

**ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.**

The officers of the Gould's Academy Alumni Association, elected at the Annual meeting, are as follows:

President—Henry H. Hastings.  
 Vice-President—Herbert C. Rowe.  
 Secretary—Miss Annie M. Frye.  
 Treasurer—Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Executive Committee: { Mrs. Joan Kilborn,  
 Mrs. G. R. Wiley,  
 Algernon S. Chapman.

**Trustees' Meeting.**

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Gould's Academy, held Nov. 14, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. A. E. Herrick.  
 Vice-President—Dr. J. G. Gehring.  
 Secretary—G. R. Wiley.  
 Treasurer—Hon. John M. Philbrook.

Executive Committee: { Hon. A. E. Herrick.  
 J. U. Purington,  
 N. F. Brown,  
 Dr. J. G. Gehring,  
 E. S. Kilborn.

Examining Committee: { Albert W. Grover,  
 Dr. J. G. Gehring,  
 Eli W. Barker.

Auditor—E. S. Kilborn.

Trustees Elected: { Ellery C. Park,  
 Henry H. Hastings.

**New Trustees.**

In the election of Ellery C. Park and Henry H. Hastings to the Board of Trustees of Gould's Academy, two public spirited young men of good judgment, sound character and excellent executive ability have been added to the Board. Gould's Academy honors herself in honoring them, and with the sound and mature judgment of its former members supplemented by the energy and activity of vigorous young blood, an already able and executive Board of Trustees should find itself strengthened and re-enforced.

**ELLERY C. PARK.**

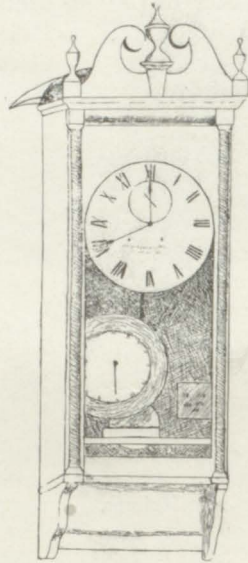
Ellery C. Park, junior partner of the law firm of Herrick & Park, was born in Mexico, Maine. He was educated in the public schools of that town, at Farmington Normal School and Hebron Academy, graduating from the latter institution in 1887. He immediately began the study of law in the office of Hon. A. E. Herrick, and has since been a resident of Bethel. He was admitted to the Oxford County Bar in October, 1890, and in the same

month formed a partnership with Judge Herrick which still exists. Mr. Park is a zealous advocate of all principles and measures which pertain to the welfare of the town and its institutions. He has always been a republican, and has rendered valiant service to his party. He was chairman of the Republican Town Committee for eight years, chairman of the Republican Legislative District Committee for twelve years, and chairman of the Republican County Committee for two years. He was elected County Attorney for Oxford County in 1900, and re-elected in 1902. In this capacity he served faithfully and well, being fearless in his prosecution of crime and especially persistent in the enforcement of the Maine Prohibitory Law. He was for several years Treasurer of the Bethel Chair Company, and is at the present time Cashier of the Bethel National Bank.

#### HENRY H. HASTINGS.

Henry H. Hastings, Esq. was born in Bethel, and received his early education in the public schools of the town. He fitted for college at Gould's Academy, and was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1890, with the degree of A. B. In 1891, he was principal of Cherryfield High School, resigning in 1892 to accept the position of sub-master in the Pawtucket, R. I., High School, where he taught eight years. Mr. Hastings read law in the office of James L. Jenks, Esq. of Pawtucket, and later in the office of Judge Enoch Foster. He was admitted to the Cumberland Bar in October, 1899, and at once began the practice of his profession in Bethel. In politics, Mr. Hastings is a republican, and was Chairman of the Republican County Committee in 1903 and 1904. In 1904, he represented the Bethel District in the State

Legislature. He has been Superintendent of Schools since 1900, and has labored zealously to raise the standard of scholarship throughout the town. Mr. Hastings has been President of the Gould's Academy Alumni Association since its organization in 1900.



*Under  
The  
School  
Clock*

"Apples!"

"Sammy!"

"Hornets!"

Lost, a rat.

"Huff Cluff"

"Speak gently!"

"Caroline" — — —

"Rule Britannia!"

"Pink Lemonade!"

"S-m-i-t-h—Smith."

"We will sing No. 47."

"Chase, go chase yourself!"



"Is that Dolly Dyer's sister?"

"I want to ride with Elton!"

"After you, my dear Alfonse."

"A hornet has many sensations."

"Do horse-blankets have collars?"

There are many kinds of fractions!!

"That isn't the first girl I ever hugged."

"Are you familiar with the yard stick?"

"Johnson married a lady, and, at her death, he wrote an ode on her."—C. F.

Inquire of Forest Keene for instruction in the art of riding balky donkeys.

"We'll postpone the use of the long distance telephone until after school!"

Mr. F. in a debate in Senior Literature—"I think I'll stand on the affirmative."

French teacher to student who is occupied with the study of some one behind her—"What is the meaning of cacher?"

Miss R. turning quickly—"Caught."

Teacher, after scholar has read a verse of "Oh could you come back to me Douglass"—"You don't care very much if Douglass doesn't come back, do you, Miss K—?"

"Attention to the roll-call."

"Mr. F——"

"What?-er-present."

Teacher to one of the bright students in the arithmetic class—"What is  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. of a ton?"

Miss T. with the air of a conqueror—"Why  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent."

Teacher in Physics—"Name some examples of tenacious metals."

Mr. P. thoughtfully—"Steel, and chewing-gum."

Miss D. translating a passage in Junior French—"I've been squeezed too much."

Miss D. translating a passage in Virgil—"After they had embarked, they buried themselves, dripping with brine, upon the shore."

Miss D. translating a passage in Senior French—"Jean Valjean had not slept in a bed for twenty years, during which time he had not undressed."

Marion Dyer says she prefers Mt. Saddleback to Mt. Washington every time.

In Seven Out at a social—"One-two-three-four-five-six-Physics."

Teacher—"What did Thomas De Quincey write?"

Scholar—"Confessions of an Opium Eater."

Teacher—"Where did he get his material?" [General laughter.]

Have you heard about the Professor's success in cutting pie?

Teacher in Physics—"Why does a person learning to ride a bicycle turn the front wheel so often?"

Smart pupil—"Because he has too small a base to sit on."

Miss Buck will tell you about a new way of sending people home when one gets tired of them.

Is J. C.'s cousin his son's uncle?

C. D. thinks the younger of the two twins is the better.

Miss D. translating "La montre de Jean est plus petite que la mienne, mais celle de ma soeur est encore plus petite"—"John's watch is smaller than mine, but my sister is still smaller."

Ask Miss D. about the critical prose in the form of lyrics.

Miss R. translating "Et longum per vallis pascitur agmen"—"And the band fared on steak for a long time."

Ask one of the Senior girls about her traveling looking-glass.

Teacher, in speaking of an outline—"We'll take Mr. Vail's two heads."

Miss M.—"Oh my shoe is untied."

Mr. H. walking on—"Well, tie it up then."

Teacher, looking at a line of Virgil just scanned—"Mr. Forbes, how many feet have you?"

Mr. F. innocently—"Seven, I think."

What the School Clock Heard and What Prof. Hanscom Saw, a Janitor's Experience,

By

Ernest S. Holmes,  
will appear in our next issue.

Mr. C. in asking a scholar where the lesson was after class, said—"You see I couldn't forget where my lesson was."

Mr. F. translating "Et il soupira en regardant le ciel—"He blushed while looking at the sky."

We hope that Senior who dropped his head will recover it soon.

Miss A. in a debate in Senior Literature with Mr. Forbes as chairman.—"Madame Chairman."

Teacher in Senior Literature—"We will begin with the subject matter of Mr. Forbes."

"There ought to be a dash after the period."

Teacher in Arithmetic class.—"The answers to this example are about as numerous as Brigham Young's wives."

"One hundred and twenty-five pounds in a ton!—Then some of you who weigh 125 lbs., weigh a ton."



## EXCHANGES.

Although we find only a small number of exchanges in our library, it is with pleasure that we acknowledge these, and we will gladly welcome any others which we may receive, for it is by means of these exchanges that our schools are brought into a closer and more sympathetic union. Those upon our table are:—

- |                       |                             |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| "The Pillipian,"      | "The Maine Campus,"         |
| "The Bowdoin Orient," | "The Oracle,"               |
| "The Student,"        | "The Yahara,"               |
| "The Pulse,"          | "The Academy Bell,"         |
| "The Colby Echo,"     | "The Leavitt Angelus,"      |
| "The Huisache,"       | "The High School Register." |

The "composishun" on "Liberrys" in "The Oracle" is very amusing.

"The High School Register" has a very expressive heading for the bright sayings,—"Funnigrams."

There are some very unique pen drawings in "The Student."

"The Leavitt Angelus" contains an article "Experience in Teaching School," which is very true to life.

The June number of "The Phillipian," has a very pretty cover design.



In "The Pulse," there is a very interesting story entitled, "A Story in Blues."

"If you would be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you a few points."—Ex.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen" the saddest of these, 'Exams again.',—Ex.

"That," said Willie, as he launched a heavy volume at his little brother's head," is the coming book. It's bound to make a hit."—Ex.

"Freshman Version,"—"People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

"Senior Version,"—Individuals inhabiting domiciles wrought from crystalline structure should refrain from projecting missiles of granite formation."—Ex.

"Jones found Smith engaged in vigorously polishing his shoes. 'What are you doing that for?' said he, 'I thought you always wore patent leather.' 'These used to be patent leathers,' replied Smith, 'but the patent on them has expired.'—Ex.

"A little boy accosted his papa thus." "Papa, are you growing tall still?" "No, dear; what makes you think so?" "Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."—Ex.

"Teacher (seriously)—Is that chewing gum in your mouth?

Boy—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Give it to me.

Boy—Wait and I'll give you a piece that ain't been chewed."—Ex.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"

"At choo! At choo! kind sir, she said."—Ex.

"When the Donkey saw the Zebra,  
He began to switch his tail."

"Well, I never," was his comment.

"Here's a mule that's been in jail."—Ex.

"Sweet little Emily Rose  
Was tired and about to repose.  
But her brother named Claire,  
Put a tack in her chair—and  
Sweet little Emily Rose,"—Ex.

"Lady customer—I would like to buy a muff.

Gentleman Clerk—Certainly, ma'am, what fur?

Lady Customer—I don't know that it's any of your business, but I want it, to keep my hands warm."—Ex.

SWINE.—A swine an a hog an a pig is all the same animile, only the naim is different, same as a girl and a maiden an a tom boy. But the swines don't chu gumm or ware bussles. They don't hav wool like a shepe, or hare like a ox or cow, but corse hare like unkle Tom's whiskers. Swine is good two eet when there ded. They are chuck full of spair ribbs an have hams on the hind end which are orful good two eet. The meet is grate two put in baked beems and there is sassage inside of um some where neer the liver. Jews wunt eet swine, cause there is devils in um, but good Kristians eet um devil an all.—Ex.

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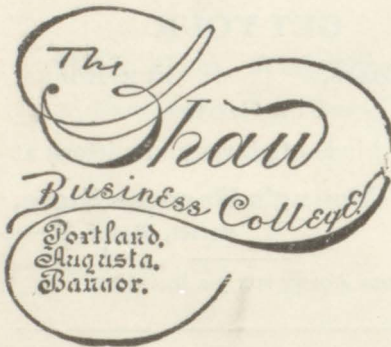
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